New York®
July 27–Aug. 9, 2015

Cosby: The Women

An Unwelcome Sisterhood

By Noreen Malone

A Portfolio by Amanda Demme

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Six of Bill Cosby's accusers, from videos on nymag.com/cosby-women.

FEATURES

Thirty-Five Women, On These Pages Alone
The "sorrowful sisterhood" of those who've come forward to speak out against Bill Cosby.
By Noreen Malone
Portfolio by Amanda Demme
18

Et Tu, Tribe?
Laurence Tribe, Obama's former mentor, has embraced Big Coal and become the White House's greatest adversary on climate change. His old friends are not happy.
By Andrew Rice
34

Hunting Rebecca Francis
What is it about a pretty woman with a gun? Ricky Gervais's giraffe-killing survivalist scapegoat has a thing or two to teach us about the wild.
By Kerry Howley
40

Crypto-Nazi vs. Gdamn Queer**
Will intellectual combat ever top William F. Buckley Jr. versus Gore Vidal? A new documentary suggests not.
By Jim Holt
46

Videos by Amanda Demme

NEW YORK
JULY 27–AUGUST 9, 2015

INTELLIGENCER

9 **City Politic**
Will the Uber fight haunt de Blasio in 2017?
By Chris Smith

12 **100-Person Poll: Work-Life Balance**
We need to work more, says Jeb Bush. New Yorkers, um, don't exactly agree.

14 **119 Minutes With ...**
Henry Blodget, the former bubble-boy analyst, is selling another tech boomlet (digital news) as the head of Business Insider
By Jessica Pressler

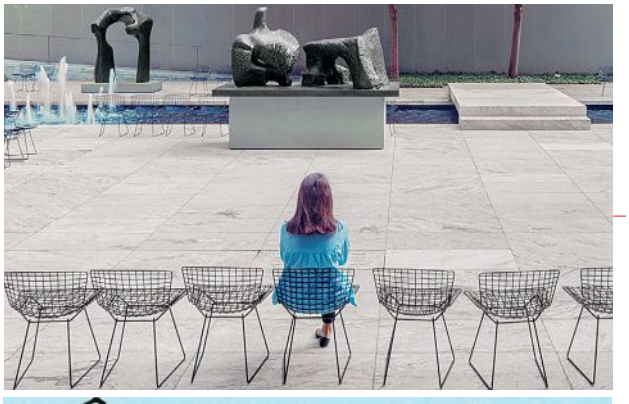
16 STANDSTILL:
The Summer Escape Route
The Long Island Expressway when the city tries to head to the beach
By Felix R. Cid

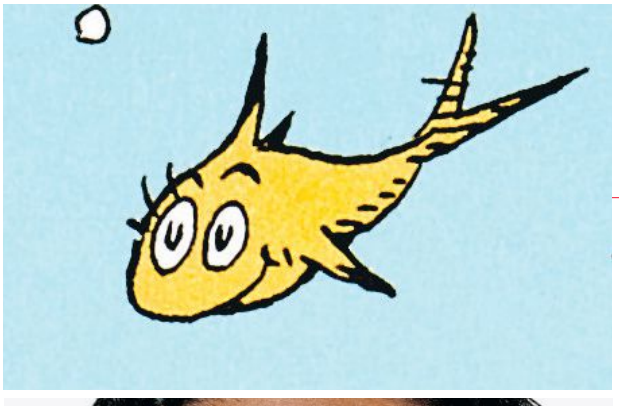
THE CUT

50 SIGNATURES:
My One Thing
Eight men on the details that define their style

6 Comments
98 Marketplace
102 *New York* Crossword, by Cathy Allis
104 The Approval Matrix

ON THE COVER:
Photographs by Amanda Demme for New York Magazine.





STRATEGIST

57 **Best Bets**
Shops for hyperniche books; a cornucopia of ice-pop molds

59 **Look Book**
The NYU student who can't condone leaving early

60 THE STRATEGIST READER:
Spending Time Alone
How to find serenity among 8.4 million

68 **Urbanist**
Everything Copenhagen, from elderflower pilsner to floating indie-pop concerts

72 **Food**
A Colombian expat sets up shop in Bushwick; kakigori arrives Stateside

THE CULTURE PAGES

77 **The Deep Full Meaning of Nile Rodgers**
The pop super-producer plots the return of Chic
By David Marchese

80 INFLUENCES:
Lin-Manuel Miranda
Making *Hamilton*
By Rebecca Milzoff

82 **Fandom**
Thank comics for "canon"
By Adam Sternbergh

84 BOOKS:
What Pet Should I Stet?
Editing Seuss, posthumously
By Boris Kachka

86 **Party Lines**

88 **Critics**
MOVIES by ***David Edelstein***
DFW comes to life BOOKS by ***Christian Lorentzen***
Scout's revenge ART by ***Jerry Saltz***
Wael Shawky's epic puppets

92 **To Do**
Twenty-five picks for the next two weeks

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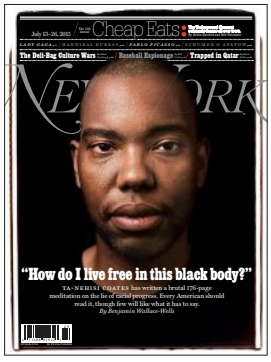

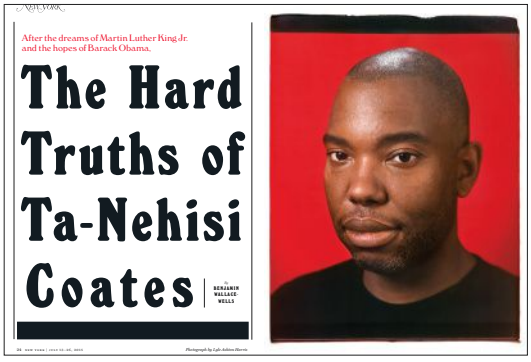

1 "Coates's quarrel isn't really with Obama," writes Benjamin Wallace-Wells in his profile of the author Ta-Nehisi Coates, "or with civil-rights leaders like Martin Luther King Jr. It is instead with the metaphors through which they made a compromise with the country—Obama as the embodiment of hope and King the embodiment of dreams. These formulations gave white liberals a pass" (**"The Hard Truths of Ta-Nehisi Coates," July 13–26**). Though many readers agreed with Coates's assessment of the structural causes of racism, commenter cdilla4rilla, who identified himself as an African-American man, felt that it didn't give enough agency to black people. "Subjects such as agency and personal responsibility are still very much taboo when it comes to these type of discussions. Looking at the external factors is easy to do, but we rarely look at the internal factors or bury them in layers of blame on external factors." "The call is to see that abusive policies are being carried out in all of our names, and logically to change the policies," wrote commenter alevin. But is Coates suggesting such change could happen? **"Coates seems to despair of even the possibility of ending white supremacy,"** wrote commenter sarcasticthrowaway. "If it's just an irredeemable fact of American society, then maybe it isn't logical to try and change what can't be changed." The commenter then took the argument even further: "He doesn't think we should make systems of government work better—because they are working excellently at the task for which they were designed: to exploit black people."

2 "Brooklyn Bridge Park is a splendid straggler in the legacy of Michael Bloomberg, one that Bill de Blasio has shown little interest in," wrote Justin Davidson about what he sees as Mayor de Blasio's modest efforts to improve the city's parks (**"When Will de Blasio See the Light on Parks?," July 13–26**). Mitchell J. Silver, commissioner of the New York City Department of Parks and Recreation, took issue with Davidson's assessment of de Blasio's Community Parks Initiative, which targets the city's green spaces. In a letter, Silver wrote that Davidson "overlooks the enormous impact this program is already having on the life of the city … In its first phase, the Community Parks Initiative has already brought targeted improvements to parks across 55 communities—that's ahead of the capital projects (including state-of-the-art play equipment, water features, sports courts and more) NYC Parks will be undertaking in these neighborhoods, bringing new, permanent resources to parks that haven't seen improvements in decades." He added: "By focusing on growing, high-poverty neighborhoods, we're ensuring that high-quality parks are available to all New Yorkers." In a response, Davidson applauded "Silver's passionate commitment to rehabilitating neglected parks in low-income areas. But **overall investment on New York's green spaces remains insufficient, and parks equity is an elusive goal** under current budget constraints: Last year, shortly after the mayor pledged $130 million to upgrade 35 community parks, the media mogul Barry Diller announced plans for a sumptuous little park-on-a-pier a few blocks from his West Chelsea office. The budget: $130 million, most of it his money. When one philanthropist can direct as much toward one pet project as the mayor spreads across a citywide program, then government has a hard time keeping up."

3 Adam Sternbergh's story on the war against plastic bags had readers taking sides on the finer points of bag reuse (**"Thank You for Not Using Me!," July 13–26**). "One thing I don't understand," wrote nymag.com commenter JDuggity, "those who champion bag bans and those who eschew plastic bags—**how do they line their trash cans?"** "Most of the stuff you buy at the grocery store gets, you know, eaten, which is why what goes into the trash can is always far less voluminous than what one carts home," responded Flybynite. "And also why plastic bags quickly accumulate to alarming levels in pantries." Many readers were just astounded by the sheer volume of plastic bags New Yorkers go through. "This piece on plastic bags is brilliantly written, hilarious, and sad all at once," tweeted James Turner.

4 Maureen O'Connor's column on the politics of where to ejaculate prompted a spelling debate (**"The Complicated Politics of Where to Come," July 13–26**). "It is always 'coming,' 'come,' or 'came,'" wrote the Hairpin's Haley Mlotek. Jezebel's Natasha Vargas-Cooper argued for "cum," and *The Observer*'s Matthew Kassel found a deeper meaning in the discussion: "Just as you wouldn't want your partner imagining someone who isn't you during sex … it's hard to stomach the fact that the person you're shtupping might be imagining **the wrong version—to you—of a word that carries so much weight.** In the Gershwin song 'Let's Call the Whole Thing Off,' at least the quarreling lovers know which words they're pronouncing differently."

Send correspondence to ***comments@nymag.com***. Or go to ***nymag.com*** to respond to individual stories.

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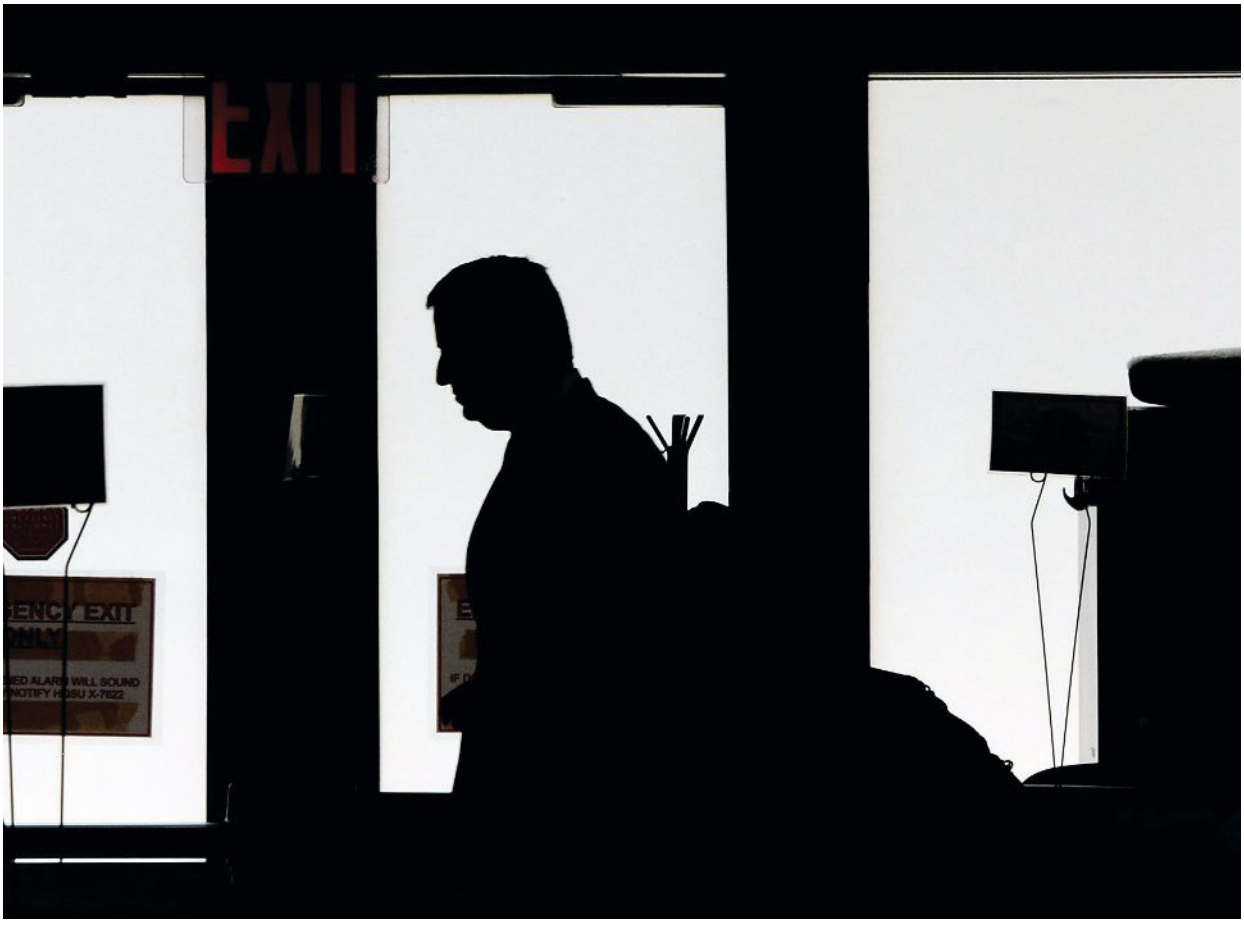
Intelligencer

INSIDE: *100-Person Poll: Do you work too much? / Henry Blodget, moving fast / Three days, uncountable cars, one photograph*



PHOTOGRAPH: JUSTIN LANE/EPA/CORBIS

The City Politic: Chris Smith

De Blasio Fights the Future

In taking on the app, the mayor may have mobilized a new coalition: the Uber liberals.

MAYOR BILL DE BLASIO believed that the pieces needed to score a quick win were in place. A public hearing had been held; a vote by the ideologically simpatico City Council to cap the growth of Uber was coming soon.

Instead, a multimillion-dollar barrage of attack ads blared from TV screens and websites. A DE BLASIO button on Uber's app enabled enraged customers to pelt City Hall with nearly 20,000 emails and clog his Twitter feed. Dead-tree media weren't any kinder: The editorial pages of all three city dailies labeled de Blasio's cap plan a bad idea. The war even followed the mayor across the ocean—he found himself answering a question about Uber at the Vatican, after delivering a speech on climate change.

The end came head-spinningly fast. De Blasio stood firm in defense of the cap for a week, then suddenly relented. On Tuesday afternoon, City Council Speaker Melissa Mark-Viverito called de Blasio in Italy. She told the mayor she had the votes to pass the cap

on Uber, but believed a negotiated compromise was better for everyone. Then, shortly after 8 p.m., Michael Allegretti, a former Republican congressional candidate who is Uber's director of public policy for New York, emailed Tony Shorris, de Blasio's first deputy mayor.

It was the first direct high-level communication between Uber and de Blasio's staff in nearly seven days. Allegretti asked if Shorris felt like talking. A meeting was quickly and stealthily arranged for the following day at noon—across the street from City Hall, at 250 Broadway, inside the City Council's offices. Over the course of two hours, representatives of Mark-Viverito, de Blasio, and Uber hammered out a deal. The mayor's camp insists that the city got important concessions from Uber. Uber staved off an existential threat, a hard cap, and will keep adding cars and drivers, at least until the city completes a four-month traffic study.

But de Blasio hadn't been prepared for the onslaught. What was truly disorienting for him—and politically ominous—was that the roles had been scrambled. The mayor assumed he was the progressive defender of moral fairness and the little guy: Of course city government should regulate anyone trying to add 10,000 commercial vehicles to New York's streets. Of course he needed to protect the rights of Uber's "driver-partners."

Yet Uber was able to deftly outflank de Blasio on his home turf, co-opting pieces of his message, splitting him from his normal Democratic allies, and drawing together an opposition constituency that could haunt de Blasio in 2017. To do so, Uber deployed a sophisticated, expensive political campaign waged by lobbyists and strategists trained in the regimes of Obama, Cuomo, and Bloomberg. That campaign worked in part because even though Uber the company is motivated by the pursuit of profit, not social justice, Uber the product has some genuinely progressive effects. So Uber went straight at the mayor's minority base, drawing it into its vision of the modern New York. The company's ad blitz highlighted how Uber's drivers are mostly black and brown. It held a press conference at Sylvia's, in Harlem, where the company basically accused the mayor of discriminating against minorities by daring to try to rein in its growth. It pushed data the story line that Uber serves outer-borough neighborhoods that for years were shunned by yellow cabs.

In doing so, the company was able to dispel its aura of Bloomberg-era elitism. Newer services like UberPool, which allows drivers to pick up multiple passengers who split the fare, would ease congestion and make the city greener. Uber exploited its appeal to a youthful, techie, multiracial liberalism, selling itself as about openness and choice—a choice that was being stymied by old bureaucratic ways that have no business in the new city. This was a direct hit on de Blasio's greatest vulnerability: the mayor's seeming defense of an entrenched and hated yellow-taxi monopoly that's been one of his most prolific campaign contributors.

A $50 billion company speeding toward a lucrative IPO managed to make de Blasio look conservative and protectionist instead of progressive. It's an irony, and a conundrum, that resonates far beyond New York's streets. Uber is just the latest manifestation of a revolution remaking the city, not to mention society. The company's confrontation with de Blasio was a gaudy example of how a 20th-century government structure in general, and de Blasio's old-school, union-backed political style in particular, is struggling to figure out how to cope with a 21st-century economy. That the clash over smartphone-dispatched cars took place against a backdrop of disinvestment in public transit—with New Jersey's rail tunnels a crumbling daily calamity and the MTA facing a $14 billion capital-budget shortfall—is both emblematic and infuriating.

"We're in this massive shift, and our policy-makers generally don't understand it," says Andrew Rasiej, a civic tech entrepreneur who is on the mayor's broadband task force. "We're not talking just about tech start-ups anymore—every major New York industry is converting itself into a 21st-century business. Innovations need to be regulated, but the regulation mechanism we have, government, hasn't caught up. The mayor and Uber is really a canary-in-the-coal-mine moment: Can government extract the value out of technology while protecting not the incumbent markets but the actual public who uses them?"

De Blasio still needs to convert those goals into actual dollars and laws. The big-picture stuff, though, took a backseat during last week's messy endgame.

The mayor's team maintains that there was no single moment, and no accumulation of political pressure, that brought it back to the bargaining table—that the mayor was always open to conversation if it led to sensible policy. "Uber wanted the cap permanently off the table. The mayor and the Council didn't agree to that, and the city still retains that option," says Phil Walzak, a senior adviser to de Blasio. "We now have access to Uber's traffic data, which will make for a better traffic study. And we've got Uber saying they will discuss issues that are really important to the entire industry, including a contribution to the MTA. All of that is a better product than what the cap alone would have done." The mayor is also realistic enough to know that if the Council had enacted the cap, Uber would have continued to hammer him, likely suing the city and trying to get Albany to step in on the company's side. Crafting a compromise may yield better taxi policy, but it also avoids some political pain. For now, anyway.

Uber's strategy in beating back the cap resembled the one deployed by the charter-school movement to give de Blasio headaches, only with more focus and raw muscle. The similarities were no accident. "Uber has a lot of the same consultants as the charter-school people," a business leader who is sympathetic to de Blasio says. "To the mayor's people, the possibility of that coalescing into an actual political opposition is a clear and present danger."

Uber was able to mobilize a new coalition of young and tech-savvy New Yorkers along with elements of the city's minority community. Maybe those people—Uber liberals—want nothing more than cleaner, more reliable cab rides. But this battle provided a template for what a bona fide 2017 electoral challenge could look like: the nimble use of social media and big money on behalf of a forward-looking, competence-based agenda that at least appears racially and economically progressive. If those forces ever got behind an actual candidate—maybe with Uber offering its more than 2 million registered users free rides to the voting booth—Bill de Blasio could have a problem bigger than the street fight just ended. ■

Uber vs. the Yellow Cab

REGISTERED CARS:

20,000

13,600

NUMBER OF DRIVERS:

20,000

53,000

AVERAGE TRIPS PER DAY:

100,000

430,000

The Standard's app for spontaneous stays at incredible rates.

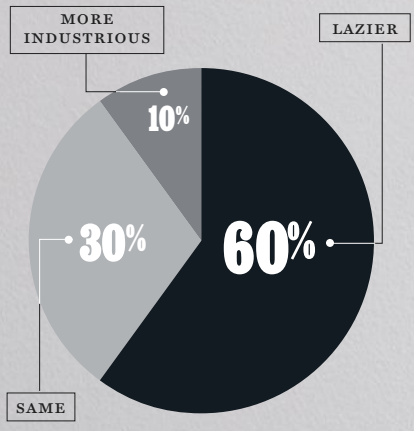
StandardHotels.com

Download it now. You know where.

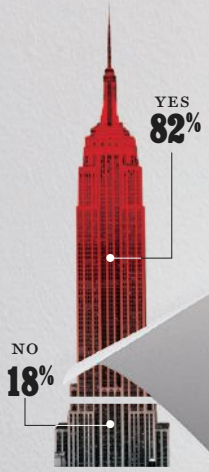
100-Person Poll: Do You Work Too Much?

Jeb Bush recently said that we all ought to be working more. Most New Yorkers we spoke to said they're doing plenty, thanks. But some of their friends could be giving a little extra.

Do you think most people are more industrious than you, or are they lazier than you?



Do you think New Yorkers work more than most people?



How many jobs do you have?

ZERO	ONE	TWO	THREE	FOUR	RETIRED
4	82	9	1	3	1

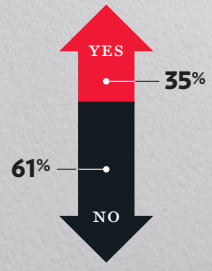
If you think you work too much, why do you do it?

"I pick up the slack of the lazy people."

"New York is expensive."

"Genes."

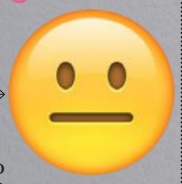
Do you work more than most people in your workplace?



SAME: 4%

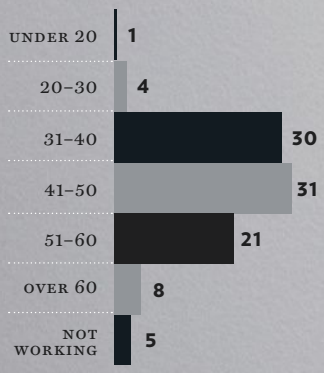
Do you goof off at work more than you should?

YES 24%



NO 76%

How many hours a week do you work?



Do you think you should make more for the work you do?

60% YES

40% NO

If yes, how?

"*Game of Thrones.*"

"Online shopping."

"Social media."

"Games on my tablet."

"Texting."

Do all the adults in your household have jobs?

YES 73 NO 27

Do you get paid vacation?

* 71% who have it take all or most of their days.

What would be the one thing that might make your work life better?

Ability to work from home part time	24
Better commute	22
More responsibility	17
Nap area	12
New boss	8
Less responsibility	6

If you got rich and quit your job, what would you do all day? "Open a deli." / "Play games and throw quarters at people." / "Become a firefighter." / "Smoke weed and

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

PHOTOGRAPHS: NOAM GALAI/GETTY IMAGES (EMPIRE STATE BUILDING); ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES (OBAMA)

What do you think Washington doesn't get?

"The misery when people realize how much of their pay will go to taxes."

"It doesn't stop after 6 p.m."

"The minimum wage doesn't provide a living in urban America."

Jeb Bush says we can achieve 4 percent economic growth if everyone works more. Is this a good goal?

YES 19% **NO** 81%

Why or why not?

"No. We're not robots."

"He is a moron."

"It's pathetic that 4 percent is the goal."

"I cannot work harder because there is a limit to bodily strength."

"Maybe, but life shouldn't be all about work."

"Asking people to work more with no benefits is stupid as hell."

If you'd prefer another country's work attitude to ours, whose would it be?

France	28
Germany	12
Italy	10
Cuba	4
Japan	3
Greece	2

Whom would you rather have for a boss?

Barack Obama 45

HILLARY CLINTON	DONALD TRUMP	BILL DE BLASIO
24	9	5

ALSO: Chris Christie: 4; Jeb Bush: 3; Bernie Sanders: 1; none: 9.

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SHANAHAN AND MANUELA TOBIAS

Survey conducted at Union Square, Columbus Circle, and the Atlantic Avenue subway stop. Some categories do not total 100 because respondents skipped questions.

watch Netflix." / "Buy a cabin." / "Learn to speak several languages and cook many delicious meals." / "Prank-call Donald Trump." / "Take the survey girls on a cruise."

119 MINUTES WITH ...

Henry Blodget

The former analyst and digital evangelist is in the middle of another tech boom, with a new product to sell.

BY JESSICA PRESSLER

HENRY BLODGET heads for the staircase of his office building, a neo-Romanesque beauty in the Flatiron District that, back in the 19th century, was home to the largest publisher in the world. These days, it is occupied mostly by start-ups, including Blodget's business-news site, Business Insider, which moved into the eighth floor last year and, soon after, annexed the seventh. "We have grown a hell of a lot this year," says Blodget, bounding down the stairs. With his long legs, he could do two at a time, but Blodget is too much of a gentleman for that. At 49, he exudes well-bred Wasp; it's shocking he was never cast in a Whit Stillman movie.

Dodging traffic in his suit and loafers, Blodget heads for the 4/5 train to go down to Wall Street, his stomping ground back in the 1990s, when he was a star analyst famous for wildly optimistic predictions about tech stocks, including one about Amazon that turned out to be right. Others, not so much. After the market crashed and he was caught privately trashing tech companies he'd publicly boosted, Blodget was banned from the securities industry for life. Now the tech industry is back, and Blodget is warmly welcomed at the New York Stock Exchange, at least to film his weekly spot on CNBC's *Squawk Alley*.

Inside, a makeup artist goes to work powdering his freckles. "It's so strange to see you here versus Cannes or Nantucket!" says a producer, sweeping by to give him a brief of the day's topics. The first is a dense paragraph from Reuters, headline: "Intel serves up revenue, profit beat as data-center business grows." Scanning it, Blodget effortlessly spits out the BI version: "The real story is, Intel is still heavily dependent on the PC business, and the PC business is in the tank, so they are starting to diversify."

Next up: Neil Young's announcement that he is pulling his music from streaming services because of poor sound quality. "He's a cranky old man," says Blodget. "Not to get all academic, but that is one of the hallmarks of disruptive technology. They're not as good, they're just good enough. People hear disruptive technology and they think, *Oh, someone invented something better.* Actually, no. It's usually worse. But it's cheaper, faster, and easier, and it gets better over time."

He could be talking about his own site. Back when Business Insider launched in 2007, it was a cacophonous mess of aggregated news, wonky analysis, and beery first-person essays. The tone, which Blodget says derived from his time as an analyst, was imperative. Every headline promised THE REAL STORY or facts that would BLOW YOUR MIND. Market updates were accompanied by pictures of female cleavage.

But it was fast. Often faster than legacy publications like *The Wall Street Journal*. And while some critics groused that it dumbed things down, many readers appreciated the lack of anecdotal foreplay. "It is actually more respectful," says Blodget. "Your time is valuable." It was good, or at least good enough. "Were we better than some of these amazing print publications?" Blodget asks about his and other digital upstarts. "In the beginning, no. But we served a different need." With backers like Kevin Ryan of Gilt Groupe, Jeff Bezos of Amazon, and venture capitalists like Marc Andreessen and Ken Lerer, the site had more conflicts than *Real Housewives*. Still, it displayed its own sort of integrity, adding disclosures to posts like "I Asked Jeff Bezos the Tough Questions ... and He Showed Why Amazon Is Such a Huge Success."

This is a good time to say: Disclosure: Henry Blodget has written for this magazine. And, disclosure: Blodget approached this writer about a job in 2010, and she didn't even respond, because she didn't think Business Insider was really, as they say, a *thing*.

She was wrong. The advertising siege that followed the recession killed many respected publications, but Business Insider survived. Not only that, it grew. In January, Business Insider raised $25 million, at an estimated $200 million valuation. Now the nakedly clickbait headlines they pioneered are commonplace, and the site is regarded as a template for new-media companies with no print legacy or email service. "Business Insider won," says James Ledbetter, whose Slate-affiliated business site, the Big Money, folded in 2010. The company now has offices on the West Coast and London, and 300 employees, mostly digital natives straight out of school. In the weekly inspirational speeches he gives while standing on his desk, Blodget humbly shares inspirational wisdom from the likes of Bezos, who he says told him: "Be proud, but recognize that what you built is this little flame, and all around you are huge winds threatening to blow it out."

Now they are launching a spinoff: Tech Insider. Like Business Insider, the site will focus on a niche—tech geeks—while also trying to appeal to a larger audience with posts about "where tech meets life." "Basically, change is accelerating at a phenomenal rate and affecting every aspect of life," says Blodget, heading to a café near his office. "This is why we walk down the stairs at the office. Because everything I read tells us that is better for us than riding down the elevator." A post like "8 Horrible Things Excessive Coffee Drinking Can Do to You," which BI just published, will sit alongside articles like an account of what life would be like on a Mars colony and a "picture narrative" about pet-cloning in South Korea. "People *love* pictures," says Blodget. "Period. Full stop." He orders an iced tea, because coffee.

One imagines that being able to generate love at the click of a button is particularly intoxicating for Blodget, who is still "deeply scarred," he says, "by what I went through with the bubble burst." Back then, there were few blogs and no Twitter, but "the media was still capable of turning people into piñatas," he points out.

Now he *is* the media, which appears to be at the center of another boom. Over the past 12 months, media companies like BuzzFeed, Vox, and Vice have raised more than $700 million to fund expansions of their news businesses. Blodget is confident that these are not signs of a bubble. "If you look at the valuations, they're elevated, but it's nothing like it was," he says. "For a while people thought, *Oh, $300 million is the high-water mark for digital forever,*" he says, referring to the amount AOL paid for the Huffington Post. "CNN is worth $11 billion. There are going to be digital-media companies that are worth $10 billion in ten years, 20 years."

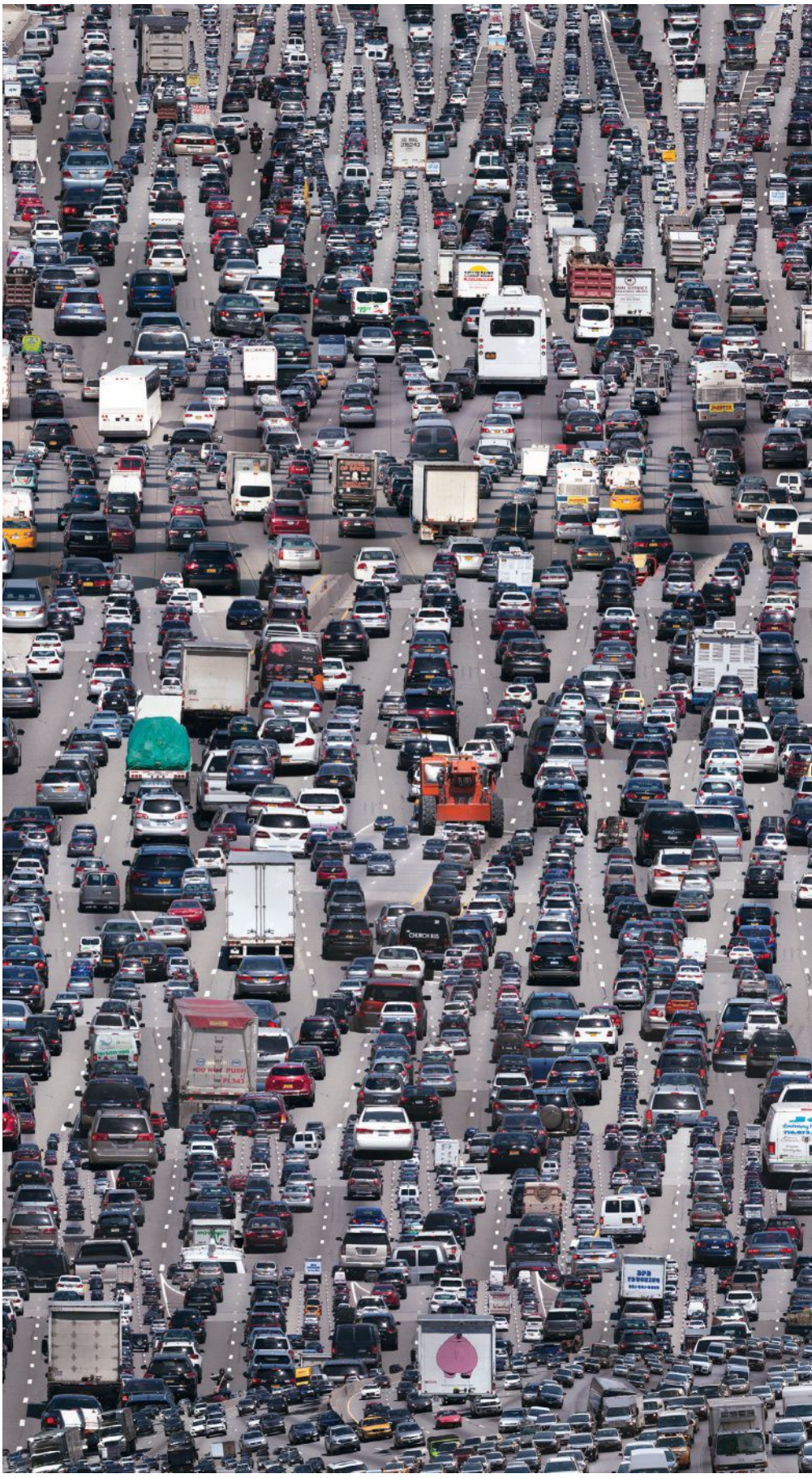
As he said, change is accelerating at a phenomenal rate. One thing that hasn't changed is his ability to make a bold prediction. "I think we're in a golden age of journalism," he says. "Digital advertising is growing fast, our revenue is growing fast, and I don't see anything that is going to stop that shift." ■

REDUX

Photograph by Ethan Hill

Standstill: The Summer Escape Route

The artist Felix R. Cid's hyperreal composites are made from about 400 photographs, in this case shot over three days leading into a long weekend. A *very* long weekend, if you're waiting in one of these lines.



The Long Island Expressway, photographed during a recent Thursday-to-Saturday stretch.

PENSKE
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New York

One by one, they came forward with stories of being drugged
staggering number and a culture

Thirty Won

On These P

BY

NOREEN MALONE

BEVERLY JOHNSON, 62. Alleged assault: mid-1980s.

and raped or assaulted by BILL COSBY, finding safety in their
that was finally ready to believe them.

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A PORTFOLIO BY

AMANDA
DEMME

For video interviews with six of the women, go to nymag.com/cosby-women.

PATRICIA LEARY STEUER, 59. Alleged assaults: 1978 and 1980.

MORE HAS changed in the past few years for women who allege rape than in all the decades since the women's movement began. Consider the evidence of October 2014, when an audience member at a Hannibal Buress show in Philadelphia uploaded a clip of the comedian talking about Bill Cosby: "He gets on TV, 'Pull your pants up, black people … I can talk down to you because I had a successful sitcom.' Yeah, but you rape women, Bill Cosby, so turn the crazy down a couple notches … I guess I want to just at least make it weird for you to watch *Cosby Show* reruns. Dude's image, for the most part, it's fucking public Teflon image. I've done this bit onstage and people think I'm making it up … That shit is upsetting." The bit went viral swiftly, with irreversible, calamitous consequences for Cosby's reputation.

Perhaps the most shocking thing wasn't that Buress had called Cosby a rapist; it was that the world had actually heard him. A decade earlier, 14 women had accused Cosby of rape. In 2005, a former basketball star named Andrea Constand, who met Cosby when she was working in the athletic department at Temple University, where he served on the board of trustees, alleged to authorities that he had drugged her to a state of semi-consciousness and then groped and digitally penetrated her. After her allegations were made public, a California lawyer named Tamara Green appeared on the *Today* show and said that, 30 years earlier, Cosby had drugged and assaulted her as well. Eventually, 12 Jane Does signed up to tell their own stories of being assaulted by Cosby in support of Constand's case. Several of them eventually made their names public. But they were met, mostly, with skepticism, threats, and attacks on their character.

In Cosby's deposition for the Constand case, revealed to the public just last week, the comedian admitted pursuing sex with young women with the aid of Quaaludes, which can render a person functionally immobile. "I used them," he said, "the same as a person would say, 'Have a drink.'" He asked a modeling agent to connect him with young women who were new in town and "financially not doing well." In the deposition, Cosby seemed confident that his behavior did not constitute rape; he apparently saw little difference between buying someone dinner in pursuit of sex and drugging them to reach the same goal. As for consent, he said, "I think that I'm a pretty decent reader of people and their emotions in these romantic sexual things." If these women agreed to meet up, his deposition suggested, he felt that he had ➔

THE INCIDENTS

"My agent said we've been contacted by a really, really big person in the entertainment industry who's interested in mentoring promising young talent. I find out it's Bill Cosby. I had the understanding I was going to be receiving private acting coaching from him. This was the opportunity of a lifetime. A driver would pick me up, my agent was paying for it. That made it all very, very professional. The door opens, and there stands Cosby. He's in his sweats and very casual, very friendly. I had a monologue prepared. He seemed unimpressed. **He said, 'Let's try a cold read,' so he pulls out a script. The scene was set in a bar; the character was someone who was inebriated. He poured a glass of white wine.** And he said, use this as a prop—now, that means you're going to have to sip on it, of course. I really don't remember much, except waking up in his bedroom. He was naked, and he was forcing himself into my mouth." —HEIDI THOMAS

"I was introduced to Bill Cosby through my modeling agent. She said that Cosby wanted to see me. Which I thought was obviously for the show. I was told there was going to be a dinner, and when I got there, no one ever arrived. He asked me if I wanted a glass of wine; I took a few sips. It had a horrible taste. And **I started not feeling well. He helped me up by my underarms with both hands. He walked me into the next room, where there was a mirror on the wall, and he told me to look at myself. Something was wrong with me.** And then he took my right hand, and he put it behind my back. I remember seeing semen on the floor. And I felt some liquid on my hand. That was when I knew something sexual was going on." —JEWEL ALLISON

"He took my roommate and me out to dinner. It was this new hip steak restaurant on the strip near the Whiskey a Go Go called Sneaky Pete's. He was chatting her up and trying to charm her. And he reached across and put a pill next to my wineglass and said, 'Here, this will make you feel better,' and he gave her one. I wasn't really thinking. My son had recently died. I thought, *Great, me feel better? You bet.* So I took the pill and washed it down with some red wine. And then he reached across and put another pill in my mouth and gave her one. Just after I took the second pill, my face was, like, face-in-plate syndrome, and I just said, 'I wanna go home.' He said he would drive us home. We went up this elevator. I sat down, and lay my head back, just fighting nausea. **I looked around and he was sitting next to my roommate on the love seat with this very predatory look on his face. She was completely unconscious.** I could hear the words in my head, but I couldn't form words with my mouth, because I was so drugged out. He got up and came over, and he sat down and unzipped his fly. He had me give him oral sex, and then he stood me up, turned me over, did me doggy style, and walked out. Just as he got to the door, I said, 'How do we get out of here, how do we get home?' And he said, 'Call a cab.'" —VICTORIA VALENTINO

"Bill had been a friend. I had had dinner with his wife on one or two different occasions, I had worked with him, I had known him for many, many years, and he never made a pass at me. So when this happened to me, I was really, really shocked. I just couldn't understand what was wrong with him. Had he lost his mind? When I came out of the bathroom, he said to me, 'Okay, come on, let's go. They're waiting for us.' He was behaving like a person that I had never met before in my life." —KATHY MCKEE

"At 17, my agent introduced me to Bill Cosby, who was going to mentor me and take me to the next level of my career. Over the course of the next year, I was drugged half the time when I was with him and would come out of a delusional experience going, 'Whoa, what was that?' He would say, 'Well, I needed to undress you

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY Jennifer Kirby

SUNNI WELLES, 66. Alleged assaults: mid-1960s.

THERESE SERIGNESE, 58. Alleged assault: 1976.

LOUISA MORITZ, 69. Alleged assault: 1971.

KACEY (name has been changed). Alleged assault: 1996.

JANICE DICKINSON, 60. Alleged assault: 1982.

LILI BERNARD. Alleged assault: early 1990s.

a right to them. And part of what took the accusations against Cosby so long to surface is that this belief extended to many of the women themselves (as well as the staff and lawyers and friends and others who helped keep the incidents secret).

Months after his depositions, Cosby settled the case with Constand. The accusations quickly faded from the public's memory, if they registered at all. No one wanted to believe the TV dad in a cardigan was capable of such things, and so they didn't. *The National Enquirer* had planned to run a big story detailing one of the women's accounts, but the magazine pulled it when Cosby agreed to give them a two-page exclusive telling his side (essentially that these were instances that had been "misinterpreted"). *People* ran a story alleging that several of the women had taken money in exchange for their silence, implying that this was nothing more than an elaborate shakedown. Cosby's career rolled on: In 2014 alone, there was a stand-up special, plans for a new family comedy on NBC, and a high-profile biography by Mark Whitaker that glossed over the accusations.

The group of women Cosby allegedly assaulted functions almost as a longitudinal study—both for how an individual woman, on her own, deals with such trauma over the decades and for how the culture at large has grappled with rape over the same time period. In the '60s, when the first alleged assault by Cosby occurred, rape was considered to be something violent committed by a stranger; acquaintance rape didn't register as such, even for the women experiencing it. A few of Cosby's accusers claim that he molested or raped them multiple times; one remained in his orbit, in and out of a drugged state, for years. In the '70s and '80s, campus movements like Take Back the Night and "No Means No" helped raise awareness of the reality that 80 to 90 percent of victims know their attacker. Still, the culture of silence and shame lingered, especially when the men accused had any kind of status. The first assumption was that women who accused famous men were after money or attention. As Cosby allegedly told some of his victims: No one would believe you. So why speak up?

But among younger women, and particularly online, there is a strong sense now that speaking up is the only thing to do, that a woman claiming her own victimhood is more powerful than any other weapon in the fight against rape. Emma Sulkowicz, carrying her mattress around Columbia in a performance-art protest of her alleged rape, is an extreme practitioner of this idea. This is a generation that's been radicalized, in just the past few years, by horrific examples of rape and reactions to rape—like the 2012 Steubenville incident, in which high-school football players brutally violated a passed-out teenage girl at a party and photographed and braggingly circulated the evidence. That same year, when a 14-year-old Missouri cheerleader accused a popular older boy at her school of sexual assault, her classmates shamed her on social media and the family's house was burned down. The whole world watched online. How could this kind of thing *still* be happening? These cases felt unignorable, unforgettable, Old Testament biblical. Would anyone have believed the girls, or cared, had the evidence not been digitizable? And: How could you be a young woman and not care deeply about trying to fix this?

This generation will probably be further galvanized by the allegations that a national cultural icon may have been allowed to drug and rape women for decades, with no repercussions. But these younger women have given something to Cosby's accusers as well: a model for how to speak up, and a megaphone in the form of social media.

Facebook and Twitter, the forums that helped circulate the Buress clip, were full of rage at Cosby's →

and wash your clothes because you got drunk and made a fool of yourself.' Do you remember the Jaycee Dugard story? She pretty much could have climbed over the fence any time she wanted to but was just so broken down and couldn't think straight. **I felt like a prisoner; I felt I was kidnapped and hiding in plain sight. I could have walked down any street of Manhattan at any time and said, 'I'm being raped and drugged by Bill Cosby,' but who the hell would have believed me? Nobody, nobody.** I was invited down to Atlantic City to see his show and had a very confusing night where I was completely drugged and my luggage was missing. When I called the concierge to find out where my luggage was, Cosby went ballistic. He slammed the phone down and said, 'What the hell are you doing, letting the whole hotel know I have a 19-year-old girl in my hotel suite?' The next morning, he summoned me down to his room and yelled at me that I needed to have discretion. He threw me down on the bed and he put his forearm under my throat. He straddled me, and he took his belt buckle off. The clanking of the belt buckle, I'll never forget."

—BARBARA BOWMAN

"I had a terrible headache, and I said, 'Bill, do you have some Tylenol? I have a mother of a headache.' And he said to me, 'I have something stronger.' **And I said, 'You know I don't do drugs.' He said, 'You're one of my best friends. Would I hurt you?' And I believed him.** All I remember is taking the pill; I don't remember going to bed. But I do remember waking up in a fog and opening my eyes, and I had no clothes on, and there was Bill's friend totally naked in bed with me. He started to laugh and smile, and he said, 'Oh, did you have a good time?' I said, 'What the fuck happened? Do you always eff a dead person?' I got my clothes on and I walked out. And Bill said, 'Where are you going?' I said, 'What the eff did you give me?' He said, 'Oh, you had a bad headache, you were in so much pain. I gave you a Quaalude.' I was hurt with Bill more than angry at his friend. Bill let him take advantage of me. That kills me. That's why I know the stories of what he did to the other women are true, because if he didn't have the respect for me, who was really a close friend, then he could do that to anybody he didn't know very well."

—JOYCE EMMONS

THE AFTERMATH

"I told my supervisor at the Playboy Club what he did to me, and you know what she said to me? She said: **'You do know that that's Hefner's best friend, right?'** I said, 'Yes.' She says to me: 'Nobody's going to believe you. I suggest you shut your mouth.'"

—PJ MASTEN

"People often these days say, 'Well, why didn't you take it to the police?' Andrea Constand went to the police in 2005—how'd it work out for her? Not at all. **In 2005, Bill Cosby still had control of the media. In 2015, we have social media.** We can't be disappeared. It's online and can never go away." —TAMARA GREEN

"I had a few moments where I tried to come forward. But I was just too scared, and **I also had the extra burden of not really wanting to take an African-American man down."**

—JEWEL ALLISON

"I didn't realize that I had been raped. **Back then, rape was done in an alleyway with somebody holding a knife to your throat that you didn't know. There was no date rape back then. I just knew that something horrible had happened.** But I couldn't put a name to it. The difference between this and that rape in the dark alley is that his face would be before me every week on TV. People would mention a joke that he said: 'Wasn't that funny?' And all the while, my stomach would just be churning." —JOAN TARSHIS

"In 1975, it wasn't an issue that was even discussed. Rape was being beaten up in a park. I understood at the time that it was wrong, but I just internalized it and dealt with it and pushed it down, and it resided in a very private place. It affects your trust with other people." —MARCELLA TATE

"Survivors of rape have a very difficult time having intimate relationships. I was in my 20s. I could never have a real relationship. It was like a black, disgusting tumor—a secret tumor."

—PJ MASTEN

"When I see a Jell-O pudding, it comes flooding back. Bill Cosby, that encounter, that one time, played a major factor in the direction my life took, toward the dark side." —SAMMIE MAYS

VICTORIA VALENTINO, 72. Alleged assault: 1969.

HELEN GUMPEL, 59. Alleged assault: circa 1987.

CINDRA LADD, 67. Alleged assault: 1969.

MARCELLA TATE, 67.
Alleged assault: 1975.

LINDA JOY TRAITZ, 64.
Alleged assault: 1969.

LINDA KIRKPATRICK, 58.
Alleged assault: 1981.

LINDA BROWN, 67.
Alleged assault: 1969.

KAYA THOMPSON, 44.
Alleged assault: late 1980s.

TAMARA GREEN.
Alleged assault: early 1970s.

HELEN HAYES, 80.
Alleged assault: 1973.

HEIDI THOMAS, 55.
Alleged assault: 1984.

PJ MASTEN, 65.
Alleged assault: 1979.

SARITA BUTTERFIELD, 59.
Alleged assault: 1977.

JANICE BAKER-KINNEY, 57.
Alleged assault: 1982.

AUTUMN BURNS, 68.
Alleged assault: circa 1970.

BARBARA BOWMAN, 48.
Alleged assaults: 1985–87.

SAMMIE MAYS, 57.
Alleged assault: 1987.

JOAN TARSHIS, 67.
Alleged assault: 1969.

MARGIE SHAPIRO, 58.
Alleged assault: 1975.

JOYCE EMMONS, 70.
Alleged assault: circa 1979.

REBECCA LYNN NEAL, 60.
Alleged assault: 1986.

perceived cruelty. Barbara Bowman, who'd come forward during the Constand case, wrote an op-ed in the Washington *Post* about her frustration that no one had believed her for all those years. Three days after Bowman's op-ed, another woman, Joan Tarshis, came forward to say Cosby had drugged and raped her in 1969. By the end of November, 16 more women had come forward. Cosby resigned from Temple's board of trustees and sought monetary damages from one of his accusers; he also told "Page Six" that he wanted "the black media to uphold the standards of excellence in journalism [and] go in with a neutral mind." (Cosby, through representatives, has consistently denied any wrongdoing, and hasn't been charged with any crimes. Emails to four of his lawyers and press reps went unanswered, although his team has begun a media tour to deny that his admission of offering Quaaludes to women was tantamount to admitting he'd raped anyone.) By February, there were another 12 accusers. Tina Fey and Amy Poehler joked about it at the Golden Globes: "Sleeping Beauty just thought she was getting coffee with Bill Cosby." Attorney Gloria Allred got involved, representing more than a dozen of the women. Even President Obama said it was clear to him: "If you give a woman—or a man, for that matter—without his or her knowledge a drug, and then have sex with that person without consent, that's rape."

There are now 46 women who have come forward publicly to accuse Cosby of rape or sexual assault; the 35 women in these pages are the accusers who were willing to be photographed and interviewed by *New York*. (Fuller versions of their stories, along with videos of six of the women, can be found at nymag.com/cosby-women.) The group, at present, ranges in age from the early 20s to 80 and includes supermodels Beverly Johnson and Janice Dickinson alongside waitresses and Playboy bunnies and journalists and a host of women who formerly worked in show business. Many of the women say they know of others still out there who've chosen to remain silent.

This project began six months ago, when we started contacting the then-30 women who had publicly claimed Cosby assaulted them, and it snowballed in the same way that the initial accusations did: First two women signed on, then others heard about it and joined in, and so on. Just a few days before the magazine was published, we photographed the final two women, bringing our total to 35. "I'm no longer afraid," said Chelan Lasha, who came forward late last year to say that Cosby had drugged her when she was 17. "I feel more powerful than him."

Accompanying this photo-essay is a compilation of the interviews with these women, a record of trauma and survival—the memories that remain of the decades-old incidents. All 35 were interviewed separately, and yet their stories have remarkable similarities, in everything from their descriptions of the incidents to the way they felt in the aftermath. Each story is awful in its own right. But the horror is multiplied by the sheer volume of seeing them together, reading them together, considering their shared experience. The women have found solace in their number—discovering that they hadn't been alone, that there were others out there who believed them implicitly, with whom they didn't need to be afraid of sharing the darkest details of their lives. They are scattered all over the country—ten different states are represented—and most of them had no contact with their fellow accusers until recently. But since reading about each other's stories in the news, or finding one another on social media, or meeting in person at the photo shoots arranged by *New York*, many of the women have forged a bond. It is, as Tarshis calls it, "a sorrowful sisterhood." ■

"Eighteen is very young. **It took me a long, long time to come to terms with the fact that it was him, it wasn't me.** Life has not been easy for me. I had addiction problems as I got older."
—LINDA JOY TRAITZ

"People go, 'Why haven't you gotten over it?' But you might as well ask a combat soldier why he doesn't forget the Battle of Guadalcanal. There was someone trying to harm him, someone trying to kill him, and they never get over it, they just learn how to cope with it." —TAMARA GREEN

THE AVALANCHE

"I read Barbara Bowman's piece in the Washington *Post*, how no one believed her, and I said, 'This is it. I have to say something now. I have to stand up and say, *Yes. Somebody else does believe you, because it happened to me.*' It was sort of like we were yodeling in a canyon and set off an avalanche. I knew I wasn't ever gonna receive any money. **I certainly didn't want to be remembered as the woman that Bill Cosby raped.** But I just felt so vindicated that I wasn't alone." —JOAN TARSHIS

"How would it benefit any of us? It doesn't. We're telling the story because we can't hold it inside anymore." —KATHY MCKEE

"I came forward to offer my support as a witness. I knew my statute of limitations had run out. **When only one or two women came out, a couple of years ago, they were ridiculed more.** It's hard to not believe the numbers now." —JANICE BAKER-KINNEY

"I went online one morning, just to check my email. The Yahoo page came up, and there was something about Cosby, this thing with Hannibal Buress. And all of a sudden, something just hit me. Anger. *Son of a bitch!* **You know, a woman can be not believed for 30 years. But it takes one man? To make a joke about it?** That fucking pissed me off so bad. Suddenly I'm thinking, *Who do I contact?*"
—VICTORIA VALENTINO

"I have a friend who is a detective for a police department. She's the one who pushed me to file a report. My husband was like, **'No, I don't want anybody to know, we don't want to expose you, I don't want people saying bad things.'** But my friend said, 'You gotta do it for you.'"
—LISE-LOTTE LUBLIN

"I saw that there were a lot of negative responses being posted against Barbara Bowman and Joan Tarshis and Tamara Green and Andrea Constand, grouping them in a historical reference to claims that 'white women' have made in the past, that weren't truthful, about being raped by a black man. But unfortunately with this case, I knew that there was a very strong possibility that these women were telling the truth, because I had had my own negative experience with Bill Cosby. And so I just felt like, *No, this can't go in that direction.*"
—JEWEL ALLISON

"The part of it I wasn't prepared for was the onslaught of women that have been assaulted and them telling me their story because I told mine."
—BEVERLY JOHNSON

"I started getting private messages on Facebook from other former Bunnies: **'He did me too, PJ. He got me too.'** There's a couple of websites—'We believe the women'—and Cosby sites that we all created. **And we talk, all the survivors.** We just had the photo shoot. And I said it was one of the greatest experiences I ever had. It was fun. We had great music, great food, we were all dancing and laughing, and yet in L.A., the L.A. group said it was so somber, and everybody was upset. And I said, 'What, are you kidding? We were celebrating here in New York, baby.' Our freedom, our freedom! Nothing macabre about that. We're out." —PJ MASTEN

"Listen, he was America's favorite dad. I went into this thinking he was going to be my dad. **To wake up half-dressed and raped by the man that said he was going to love me like a father?** That's pretty sick. It was hard for America to digest when this came out. And a lot of backlash and a lot denial and a lot of anger." —BARBARA BOWMAN

"I think his legacy is going to be similar to O.J.'s legacy. When you hear O. J. Simpson's name, you don't think, *Oh, great football player.* That doesn't come to mind first. **I'm thinking it's not going to be, *Oh, great comedian.* It's going to be, *Oh, serial rapist.*** And that will be our legacy."
—JOAN TARSHIS

HAIR AND MAKEUP: MIHO SUZUKI USING CHANEL AND BUMBLE AND BUMBLE/ARTISTS AT WILHELMINA (BAKER-KINNEY, BERNARD, BOWMAN, BURNS, FERRIER, GREEN, HAYES, KIRKPATRICK, LASHA, LUBLIN, MCKEE, MORITZ, SERIGNESE, SHAPIRO, STEUER, TATE, THOMAS, TRAITZ, VALENTINO, WELLES); MICHAEL JOHNSON/FACTORY DOWNTOWN (ALLISON, BROWN, BUTTERFIELD, GUMPEL, KACEY, MASTEN, MAYS, TARSHIS, THOMPSON); IGOR SANAEV (DICKINSON); KARMISHA LITTLE (JOHNSON); STEPHANIE KIM USING CHARLOTTE TILLBURY AND BUMBLE AND BUMBLE/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS MANAGEMENT (BOWMAN); STEPHANIE KIM USING FACE ATELIER/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS MANAGEMENT (FERRIGNO); PRODUCTION: SOFIA DE GUZMAN AND STEPHANIE WESTCOTT.

BETH FERRIER, 56. Alleged assault: mid-1980s.

CARLA FERRIGNO. Alleged assault: 1967.

JEWEL ALLISON. Alleged assault: late 1980s.

LISE-LOTTE LUBLIN, 48. Alleged assault: 1989.

CHELAN LASHA, 46. Alleged assault: 1986.

KATHY MCKEE, 66. Alleged assault: early 1970s.

ET TU, TRIBE?

LAURENCE TRIBE, the president's longtime confidant, is fighting the White House climate plan on behalf of Big Coal. His friends are furious at him, which breaks his heart.

BY ANDREW RICE

Photograph by NIGEL PARRY

JUST AFTER NOON on June 18, Laurence H. Tribe, the nation's foremost scholar of constitutional law, fired off an angry and anguished self-defense. "I just finished my roughly half-hour interview on WNYC with Brian Lehrer," he wrote in an email to the publishers of his most recent book about the Supreme Court, *Uncertain Justice*. "I suppose I did well enough, but the interview was a complete disaster. Please let the Brian Lehrer Show know that I felt totally sandbagged."

The appearance had begun innocuously, with a discussion of the most recent Supreme Court decisions—what the Harvard Law professor later called June's "series of thunderclaps." Tribe's credentials as a liberal legal activist are the stuff of legend—counsel in *Bush* v. *Gore*, slayer of archconservative Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork—and he is as informed about the Court's opaque inner workings as any outsider can be. He taught Elena Kagan and John Roberts at Harvard and played an unusually involved role in Barack Obama's education in the law; for a brief time during Obama's first term, he served at the Justice Department. At 73, Tribe is accustomed to his preeminence. So he bristled when Lehrer courteously but insistently turned the conversation to his other role, as a highly compensated litigator for a coal company fighting Obama's climate-change initiative.

"Can a scholar take a client like that and maintain an appearance of independence?"

"Well, I've been doing this kind of thing for decades," Tribe replied, the ice creeping into his voice. "And I'm just not for sale." He had the urge to hang up the phone then and there. But he fought it off and handled another 90 seconds of questioning with superficial aplomb. "I have had a career that I'm proud of. I've represented causes that I believe in," he said. "And whether I believe in the cause or not is not a function of whether the client is corporate or noncorporate." Inside, though, Tribe was churning. "It was an inexcusable ambush," he wrote immediately afterward, an "awful caricature." He was flummoxed that people involved with a friendly NPR show would prove to be "such venomous snakes."

Tribe's emotions might seem extreme in light of the tenor of the conversation and the fact that he should have known the questions

THEORIES OF EVERYTHING
AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL LAW
Tribe

were inevitable. But the controversy over his role in the climate case had upended his place in the world, setting friends and colleagues against him and shaking two pillars of his reputation: his liberal idealism and his legal brilliance. The reversal dates to last year, when Tribe got involved in a constitutional challenge to Obama's plan to curtail power-plant carbon emissions. His client, Peabody Energy, is the world's largest private-sector coal company. The bare facts of the case concern dueling interpretations of an arcane passage of the Clean Air Act, but the political ramifications are monumental. Enemies of the climate initiative, which aims to cut emissions from the power sector by 30 percent from 2005 levels, see it as a naked abuse of executive power intended to put companies like Peabody out of business. Proponents say the new regulations fall well within the Environmental Protection Agency's authority, and that the coal industry is destroying the planet.

"For most environmental-law scholars, climate change is the challenge of our lifetime, it is an existential threat to life as we know it," says the UCLA law professor Ann Carlson, who has written that Tribe is "destroying his reputation" as a constitutional theorist. "I think the question is, how can Larry Tribe be attacking the president's climate-change policy in this way?" Both sides of the carbon-regulation battle recognize that Tribe's name has currency. Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell has taken to citing the "iconic left-leaning law professor." A pair of Harvard environmental-law experts, Jody Freeman and Richard Lazarus, singled out Tribe in a blog post on the university's own website, attacking his "sweeping assertions of unconstitutionality" as "ridiculous."

"Were Professor Tribe's name not attached to them," they wrote, "no one would take them seriously." The spectacle of a Harvard-faculty feud, along with reports of "particularly fierce" anger emanating from the administration of Tribe's former student, served to escalate a dry dispute into political drama. Tribe has been fielding a deluge of emails from old friends and former students. "The ones that really hurt," Tribe told me, "are from people who, for whatever reason, took me as something of a role model, who are saying: 'What a disappointment. Why are you selling out to the coal industry? Don't you care about your grandchildren's future? You're helping to ruin the planet, and I'm losing faith in you.'" He has poured his lawyerly vehemence into long justifications sometimes punctuated by hopeful emoji: 😎‼️.

In early July, Tribe traveled to the Chautauqua Institution, a lakeside retreat in western New York that hosts a summer cultural festival, to give a lecture on the Supreme Court. "The Constitution is a great teacher," Tribe told the audience. "It expands our field of vision." He was especially invigorated by the recent *Obergefell* v. *Hodges* decision, which enshrined a constitutional right to marriage. Tribe defended gay rights before the cause was popular and took justifiable pride in the victory. "As I sat at home watching these events unfold," he said in his speech, "I took out my small copy of the U.S. Constitution. Its words hadn't changed, but somehow it looked bigger."

Then one audience member asked Tribe to defend his representation of "corporations in opposing provisions of the Clean Air Act." Another brought up the Koch brothers. (They are tangentially connected to another Tribe client, an organization fighting a wind-power plant.) "Is there any constitutional basis," Tribe was asked, "for protecting our democracy and our environment from that kind of corruption?" Tribe dutifully ticked off his defenses. He claims he only makes legal arguments he believes in, that more than half his cases are pro bono, that his quarrels with Obama are limited to this one policy, which he says is an unconstitutional power grab.

Finally, sounding exasperated, he reprised an incendiary line: "As I've said—some people said I was being a little melodramatic—I don't think burning the Constitution instead of coal will really be a way of saving the environment."

A few months before, on a steamy spring afternoon in Washington, I met Tribe at the Georgetown Ritz-Carlton. That morning, he had argued Peabody's case before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. He had just awoken from a nap, refreshed after his morning in court and a customary post-argument martini, which he'd consumed over a lunchtime debriefing session with his clients at the Capital Grille. Now, amid a swirl of bankers and dignitaries in town for a global IMF summit, he told me that he bore Obama no ill will and even sympathized with his desire to act as his time in office ran short. "Presidents have very limited power, even as commander-in-chief, and they all realize that, and therefore they champ at the bit," he said. "I'm sure this climate initiative, at least as much as health care, is part of immortality for him. This is what he can do that can make a huge difference for generations. And I wish him well. I just wish he could find a constitutional way to do it."

Tribe has spent his career divining the entrails of the Supreme Court's opinions, parsing the signals it sends via asides and footnotes, and developing an understanding of each justice's view of the Constitution. He knows all of them personally, apart from Samuel Alito. That deep knowledge, in turn, has made him a fortune as an appellate attorney. Tribe sees no conflict between these roles, only a lucrative symbiosis. Like many liberal constitutional-law scholars, he is intellectually skeptical of the ways in which Obama—himself a liberal constitutional-law scholar—has sought to expand executive power. Some of his peers are dismayed by the president's assertion of the authority to summarily execute American-born terrorists with drones, his sweeping up of phone data, and his continued detention of prisoners at Guantánamo. Tribe has picked a much more unpopular place to make a stand, but he says that the truth, however unpleasant, is that the Constitution contains rights for coal companies, too.

Tribe has argued 35 cases before the Supreme Court, winning well over half of them, and is frequently hired to handle appeals in lower courts. Once a champion collegiate debater, he relishes the rush of oral arguments. He doesn't like rehearsing—he eschewed moot courts for years, thinking they would dull his edge of anxiety. Before a case, he often lies awake at night, testing out inventive lines of argument in his head. "His recall and understanding of the relationship between things in constitutional law is almost beyond comprehension," says Tom Goldstein, publisher of SCOTUSblog, who collaborated on appellate cases with Tribe for years.

Sometimes connections come to him in a flash. One night, shortly before he was to appear before the appeals court on Peabody's behalf, he thought up an answer to the government's strongest argument, the contention that it was not yet possible to judge the EPA's rule because it was not finalized. Sure enough, at the hearing, it took less than a minute for Judge Thomas Griffith to pose the question: "Do you know of any case in which we have halted a proposed rulemaking?" When it came time for Tribe to offer his answer, he reached back four decades to cite *U.S.* v. *Jackson*, a decision about guilty pleas and the death penalty, which he had helped to craft as clerk to Justice Potter Stewart.

"One needn't wait to see if the guillotine drops," Tribe said.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF LAURENCE TRIBE

The metaphor might seem histrionic, but Tribe argues that the mere threat of regulation poses catastrophic risks to the coal industry. The U.S. energy market's reliance on coal-fired power plants has been shrinking because of cheap natural gas from fracking and pressure from environmental groups. Peabody's stock price has plunged by 97 percent over the past four years, and many smaller coal companies have gone bankrupt. The industry argues that the new carbon-emissions standards will cause more plants to close, raising rates for consumers and disproportionately harming the more coal-dependent states. In filings on behalf of Peabody, Tribe argues that the EPA's action is "aimed squarely at stamping out coal." Environmental advocates say he's exactly right.

For this reason, the courtroom was packed with energy and environmental lobbyists. Lazarus and Freeman sat side by side in a reserved row, scribbling notes. Everyone involved recognized that this particular lawsuit was a long shot. (Ultimately, the court would end up rejecting it on the narrow grounds of its being premature.) But the antagonists were treating the argument like the first round in a prizefight—a chance to throw a few jabs, probe weaknesses, and test lines of attack. The dispute will almost certainly end up before the Supreme Court, soon. The panel of three Republican-appointed judges sounded unsympathetic to the EPA. They were constrained, however, by a key precedent, derived from *Chevron* v. *Natural Resources Defense Council*, which holds that agencies are entitled to deference when it comes to interpreting laws.

"If I saw two absolutely conflicting positions," Griffith said, "then it is *Chevron*, right?"

"I would try to look at that decision and read it more narrowly," Tribe replied, "in order to avoid accusing the Supreme Court of not knowing how to read the Constitution."

Tribe has made some sweeping constitutional claims, accusing the EPA of violating the Fifth and Tenth Amendments by bullying private businesses and state regulators. But much of the argument in court focused on an esoteric issue involving the wording of the Clean Air Act as it was amended during the first Bush administration. In a situation reminiscent of the most recent Obamacare fight, *King* v. *Burwell*, the 1990 amendments had never been properly reconciled by Congress and thus contained two versions of Section 111(d). The bizarre mistake had taken on importance only decades later, when the EPA decided to use the provision to regulate carbon from power plants. Tribe argued that Congress never intended to slip a massive expansion of federal regulation into what might be viewed as the legislative equivalent of a typo.

Even defenders of the EPA recognized that the wording presented a problem: Though the version they preferred appeared to give the agency clear authority, the other was more ambiguous. The Clean Air Act is a clunky device for regulating carbon—that's the reason Obama had first pressed for his cap-and-trade plan, which would have established a market-based system through congressional legislation. Still, a 2007 Supreme Court decision expressly allowed the EPA to treat carbon as a pollutant, and Tribe's opponents couldn't fathom how he had managed to escalate a statutory quibble into a crisis on a par with notorious abuses of executive power, like Harry Truman's seizure of the steel mills.

Tribe in the Oval Office, 2010.

Freeman says she felt "awkward" criticizing a colleague she otherwise respects but that she was obliged to speak out against what she sees as misleading rhetoric. "The worst of it is no one will stop and ask about the quality of his arguments," Freeman says. "They just hear Larry Tribe say that the Constitution is 'burning,' and they take it on faith. It's like Yoda has spoken. I'm not saying the EPA's power-plant rule is perfect—it's not. But ask anyone with any real expertise in this area, and they will tell you that the constitutional claims are fictions of the coal industry's imagination."

IN 1977, WHEN HE was 36 years old, Tribe took on the gargantuan project that established his reputation: a treatise that sought to synthesize everything there was to know about the Constitution. He wrote in a manic frenzy of productivity, an eight-month flurry of all-nighters. Harvard set up a bank of 11 typewriters for him, because he couldn't manage to change a ribbon. Tribe was a Ph.D. student in mathematics before he turned to the law, and his method in analyzing the law was Newtonian, reducing its workings to seven "models." In his scholarship, he often seeks to apply abstruse principles from physics. His 2008 book *The Invisible Constitution* explores the unstated principles that "animate and undergird" the written text like "dark matter." In the 1980s, he wrote an article called "The Curvature of Constitutional Space" with assistance from Barack Obama, seeking to investigate what the law's "contours mean for those who might be trapped or excluded by them."

Tribe has devoted his studies to probing what he has called "constitutional silences," in part through an expansive reading of the Ninth Amendment, which says that the rights provided by the Constitution are not limited to the ones it specifically enumerates. In 1987, he faced down his ideological opposite in the figure of Robert Bork, who likened the Ninth Amendment to a mere "inkblot." Tribe had been laying the groundwork for opposition to Ronald Reagan's Supreme Court nominees—before Bork was selected, he published a book arguing that judicial selection was "too important a task to be left to any president"—and he played a starring role at Bork's confirmation hearings, offering damning testimony. At the time, Tribe was widely seen as destined for the Supreme Court one day himself, and the conventional wisdom, perhaps oversimplified, is that in helping to foil Bork, he sacrificed his own chances of ever being nominated.

"That's the reason why he's an iconic figure," says Bob Shrum, Tribe's friend and a political consultant to Senator Ted Kennedy, who helped to rally Senate opposition to Bork. "I said to him, look, you have to make this decision yourself, but if you do this, you have to be aware that a lot of Republicans who don't agree with you, but kind of respect you, will never, ever, agree to put you on the Supreme Court." Tribe's admirers wonder how history might have unfolded if he had heeded his friend's warning.

"The ones that really hurt are from people who took me as a disappointment. Why are you selling out to the coal indu

"It's very counterfactual," Tribe told me. "Because had I not testified against Bork, I might not have been as fervently embraced by liberals as I came to be. Until recently."

Instead of serving on the Court, Tribe continued to serve as its interpreter from his lofty perch in Cambridge. He is one of two dozen Harvard faculty members who hold the title "university professor." Generations of students have competed for precious slots in Tribe's classes and the beneficence of his attention. "I think I have thousands of children," Tribe says. (His two biological children are both artists.) He told me he sees that patrimonial influence as one of the two most important components of his legacy. The other is his advocacy for expanded rights.

Tribe's most historically meaningful argument may be one he lost. In 1986, in the case *Bowers* v. *Hardwick*, he represented an Atlanta bartender named Michael Hardwick before the Court. Hardwick had been charged with sodomy after police came to serve him with an unrelated warrant and discovered him in his bedroom with another man. Tribe hoped to convince the swing vote, Justice Lewis Powell, that the sodomy law violated the unenumerated right to privacy. After some vacillation, though, Powell sided against him, writing in an internal memo that the assertion that there was no difference between gay and heterosexual relationships was typical of "Professor Tribe, with his usual overblown rhetoric."

The next year, Powell announced his retirement, and Reagan picked Bork to replace him. After Bork's rejection, Reagan appointed Anthony Kennedy instead; Tribe testified in favor. Kennedy wrote this year's gay-marriage opinion, as well as the 2013 opinion that paved the way for it and the 2003 opinion that declared sodomy laws unconstitutional. He also wrote the 1996 opinion in a pivotal case that struck down an anti-gay Colorado initiative, holding that a state cannot "deem a class of persons a stranger to its laws." The opinion's wording closely resembled that of an amicus brief written by Tribe. Today, Tribe calls Kennedy one of the Court's greatest justices—an assessment not entirely free of self-identification.

All along, though, Tribe also took highly lucrative cases representing corporate clients. "I did decide that I would never do something just for the money, and I would turn down lots of offers," Tribe says. Tobacco companies, for instance. "I mean, if I had all the money from all the cases that I turned down, I'd have ten times as much as I have now." As the Columbia University law professor Tim Wu recounted in a recent *New Yorker* blog post, Tribe has made the case against net neutrality on behalf of his client Time Warner and has challenged aspects of hazardous-waste-cleanup laws on behalf of General Electric. He has represented Nike in a case related to overseas sweatshops. In the 1980s, he represented criminal defendants like Michael Milken and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Tribe says that he took these cases because, to him, each raised important legal issues, such as a corporation's right to a fair hearing in the case of G.E., or prosecutorial abuses in the case of Milken.

In 1994, an *American Lawyer* article titled "The Croesus of Cambridge" described how Tribe had built an informal but thriving law practice, charging as much as $1,200 an hour. One Supreme Court argument alone, in the 1987 case *Pennzoil* v. *Texaco*—involving what was then the largest civil judgment in history—earned him a reported fee of $3 million. "In general, it was like, 'Hey, we love practicing the law, that's what we do, and they pay us for that, handsomely,'" says Brian Koukoutchos, who was a research assistant to Tribe and continued to work with him as a lawyer after he graduated. "Having paying clients," he says, "allows you the luxury of being able to take on clients that can't pay." Today, Tribe works mainly with another former research assistant, Jonathan Massey, who has a boutique appellate-law firm in Washington, which touts Tribe's corporate work on its website. Massey is co-counsel with Tribe on the Peabody case.

The largeness of Tribe's reputation, and fortune, made him an equally large target when he came out in opposition to Obama's climate plan. "There's an enormous amount of jealousy in the Harvard faculty," says his longtime colleague Alan Dershowitz, who helped to rally a group of legal luminaries to write in Tribe's defense in the Boston *Globe*. "He's a university professor, he's made a lot of money, he's very well known." In 2005, the law school's Drama Society put on a satirical musical skit, "I'm Larry Tribe," set to the tune of "I Will Survive." An actress playing Elena Kagan, then the school's dean, sang:

He's ten feet tall!
He learned to fly!
And though he'll never be a Justice
He's never gonna die
He is the sultan of Sudan
He is the closer for the Sox
And the legal fees he charges
Make him richer than Fort Knox!

The affection between Tribe and Kagan is real and long-standing. For a time after her graduation, she lived in the finished basement of his family's 19th-century frame house off Brattle Street. But Tribe has said that among all his students, none was finer than Barack Obama. It is a measure of Obama's easygoing ambition that soon after he arrived at Harvard Law, he sought out its most prominent faculty member. Tribe marked the day of their first meeting on his calendar with an exclamation point. Obama helped him to write the physics article and a book about abortion. They would talk through case law while taking long walks along the Charles River.

Tribe remained in touch with Obama after he graduated and was one of his early political champions. He introduced his "inspiring" former student to the people of Iowa in a 2007 campaign ad. On the night of the 2008 election, Tribe emotionally embraced Obama in Grant Park. "As a nation," he wrote in a blog post the next morning, "we have come of age." In anticipation of an influential role in the new administration, Tribe prepared to move to Washington. When he got there, however, he discovered that Obama hadn't changed politics. "It's not just all the terrible things that people say behind each other's backs," Tribe says. "It's how jealous people are of their turf, even when you are part of the same administration."

Tribe was offered assurances of a high-level job. In 2009, he wrote a private letter to Obama suggesting a "newly created DOJ position dealing with the rule of law." He seemed like an ideal candidate to sort out dilemmas like Guantánamo. "I thought that for me to be giving broader advice on constitutional issues would make sense," Tribe says. "But it was clear that was stepping on people's toes." He instead took a nebulous Justice Department job, "senior

something of a role model and are saying: 'What stry? Don't you care about your grandchildren's future?'"

counselor for access to justice," and did grassroots work like aiding homeowners facing foreclosure. Still, some colleagues remained resentful of his relationship with the president. Obama occasionally summoned him to the Oval Office to talk about abstract issues of law, but even those rare interactions created friction.

"Rahm Emanuel pulled me aside at a party at the W Hotel," Tribe recalls. "He said, 'I heard you went to the Big Guy behind my back.'"

Tribe was dealing with health problems, complications from an earlier surgery to treat a benign brain tumor, as well as the emotion and expense of what he described in the Washington *Post* as "a very contentious divorce" from his wife of four decades. (He told the *Post* that Kagan was one of his few confidantes.) But the low point came in the form of a leak. A blog obtained that 2009 letter to the president in which Tribe had mainly addressed the subject of future Supreme Court appointments, offering praise for Kagan and an uncharacteristically harsh assessment of another leading candidate, Sonia Sotomayor. "Bluntly put, she's not nearly as smart as she seems to think she is," he wrote, "and her reputation for being something of a bully could well make her liberal impulses backfire."

"I could hardly have been more wrong, and it was foolish of me," Tribe told me. (In *Uncertain Justice,* he is conspicuously complimentary of Sotomayor, calling her a "judge's judge" and comparing her to Earl Warren.) Kagan and Sotomayor were both on the Court by the time the letter emerged in late 2010, so it only served to damage its author. Citing his health, Tribe soon resigned. "I assume someone in the administration leaked it to injure Larry," Tom Goldstein says. He believes the letter had to be understood in the context of Tribe's relationship to Kagan. "It's just Larry being unbelievably loyal, and somewhat tone-deaf to the prospect that someone could use it to hurt him later on," he says. "He is a thinker, not a maneuverer, and that means he can very easily be outmaneuvered."

Tribe told me he hasn't spoken to the president in almost four years and hasn't had any direct communication with the White House about the EPA case. "It's all mean anonymous quotes," he says. But he would very much like to know how Obama regards him today. "Do you really think that Barack or people close to him are pissed at me?" Tribe recalls asking his former research assistant Ron Klain, who was Vice-President Biden's chief of staff. "He said, 'No, I think they realize that your credibility when you're on their side is enhanced by the fact that you're not always on their side.'"

"He's assuming a largeness of spirit," he says, "that may or may not be there."

While representing the coal industry had caused Tribe personal pain, it has been good for his personal business. Lately, he's been getting many calls about regulation cases. One new client is a New York real-estate investor who wants to challenge the city's plan to rezone part of midtown, arguing it would devalue his air rights. Another is the American Clinical Laboratory Association, which is fighting a Food and Drug Administration effort to expand its regulatory power over certain types of medical tests.

"Some of my best friends have severe, metastatic cancer, and they're depending on rapidly evolving lab tests, and they're going to be killed by what the FDA wants to do," Tribe told me over lunch one day in Washington, where he was to speak to the laboratory association's annual convention. He later shared the dais with Paul Clement, probably the foremost conservative Supreme Court advocate. "If Larry and I agree," Clement told the audience, "that right there ought to give you some comfort." Tribe called the FDA's case for regulation a "fairy tale" and issued a dire warning about its import. "What I fear down the line, if the FDA succeeds in getting the camel's nose under the tent here, is a federalization of the practice of medicine."

There has always been an anti-regulatory component to Tribe's thinking. As far back as the 1980s, he was decrying the "trend toward granting bureaucrats and professionals ever-increasing power over our lives and liberties." For decades, this strand of consistency has allowed Tribe to balance the roles of liberal and litigator without internal conflicts or much public criticism. And though Harvard is one of the country's highest-paying universities, Tribe has always felt the need to supplement his income. "I wasn't in a position to turn down money when I believed in the case," he told me. Like many people who grew up without money, he has always worried about it.

Tribe entered Harvard at 16 as a scholarship student, worked in the kitchens, and was tormented by his older roommates, who had gone to schools like Andover and Exeter. His father, born George Israel Tribuch, never made more than $15,000 a year as a car salesman. The family immigrated to San Francisco, when Tribe was 5. They came from Shanghai, which had a beleaguered little community of Jews who had moved east to escape pogroms and, later, Hitler. Tribe claims that he has a vivid memory of a day when he was about 2 and his father was taken away to an internment camp by the occupying Japanese. "That imprinted the feeling," he says, "that there must be something wrong when people can be hurt for no reason."

As Tribe would be the first to say, though, originalism has its explanatory limits. Why, of all the injustices in the world, would he expend his own valuable energy fighting rules on carbon emissions? Even many of Tribe's friends have trouble answering that question. "Maybe some people are willing to embrace the idea that the end justifies the means in constitutional law," Tribe said one morning over breakfast in Chautauqua. But he says he thinks in terms of rights, not outcomes. When he wrote about environmental protection early in his career, he proposed creating "rights for natural objects." He has argued that laboratory chimpanzees should have the right to sue for habeas corpus. He has come to the conclusion, reluctantly, that the Second Amendment protects the rights of individual gun owners, within reason. He does not discount the idea that corporations have a right to political speech and takes a measured view of the *Citizens United* decision.

"Larry believes in a big Constitution," Goldstein says. "A big Constitution can protect a lot of little guys, and it can protect a lot of big companies."

Tribe's relationship to the Constitution can seem sentimental—even empathic. He once wrote that before his first Supreme Court argument, *(Continued on page 96)*

In an age of social-media shaming, a single tweet can launch a crusade. But maybe Ricky Gervais should have picked another woman to mess with.

By
KERRY HOWLEY

Hunting Rebecca Francis

Photograph by Marc Shoul

Rebecca Francis after a day of hunting at the GeoDot hunting farm, Thabazimbi, South Africa.

THERE IS NO WAY AROUND THIS: At 4:30 a.m., as we embark on the two-hour journey that will take us to some hunting grounds in northwest South Africa, a.k.a. "the Bush," Rebecca Francis is wearing a full-on smoky eye. Her lids are lined and her lashes plumped, her lips shimmer a glossy pink. She is carrying her weapon, a Mathews Chill SDX dual-cam bow with hot-pink detailing, marketed to women "who may be *small* in stature, but demand *big* performance," and from which she has every intention of plunging an arrow into the chest of a 500-pound sable antelope, where it will, if all goes as planned, pierce the animal's lungs. *Am I underdone?* I wonder, a thought I immediately recognize as insane.

Francis is a peppy, ever-smiling 41-year-old mother of three, stepmother of five, and grandmother of nine who looks 31 and speaks with the elongated vowels of a northern Midwesterner, though she hails from Utah and lives ten miles from anything on 11 acres in Wyoming, where she keeps two dogs, three cats and seven kittens, seven horses, and chickens she calls "so stinkin' cute I cannot *stand it.*" She's an occasional dental hygienist and not-quite-practicing Mormon. ("I have questions," she will tell me later, those questions involving a gay son of whom she is deeply protective and a theology that frames his orientation as a choice. Then she will take a long sip of red wine.) She is a mix of impulsive life decisions—having a son outside marriage right out of high school and marrying, at 22, a dentist with custody of his five children ("I don't know what I was thinking," Francis says now)—and immense patience, capable of the kind of determined composure it takes to remain perfectly still for four hours so a herd of elk do not notice you even as flies creep into your mask and fly legs tickle your cheeks. "Patient" is, in fact, how our massive, square-chested, rugby-playing Afrikaner guide, John Faul, describes Francis, by which he means that whereas his average client, a rifle-toting male CEO, will fire even when he shouldn't, wounding an animal Faul will then have to kill, Francis waits for a clear shot, and if the opportunity doesn't present itself, she puts down the pink bow.

In April, the British comedian Ricky Gervais found a photo of Francis beaming beside a limp giraffe, which he promptly tweeted to his nearly 8 million followers, asking: "What must've happened to you in your life to make you want to kill a beautiful animal & then lie next to it smiling?" Owing to the rather spirited nature of the response, Francis now considers herself "the most hated woman in the world." Her public Facebook page is deactivated, her website is down, and she is ignoring media requests, of which there have been many. She responded to my email only accidentally, then apologized; she shouldn't be talking to anyone, she said, "due to the endless death threats."

I persuaded her to make an exception, and so we are on our way to GeoDot Wildsplaas, one of at least 9,000 wildlife ranches in South Africa. We are two of the 7,000-plus rifle-and/or-bow-toting tourist-hunters, most of whom are Americans of considerable means, who come to this country every year to hunt animals unhuntable elsewhere.

Back in the U.S., Francis bush-planes into open public land, often amid the alders of darkest Alaska, where she hunts and guides other women for three months a year. Out there, she shoots what she is fortunate enough to find. Here in Limpopo, you pay by the kill, which you select from a price list: warthog, $350; hippo, $9,400; elephant, $42,000. The industry supports professional hunters, field dressers, farmers, and at least one magazine, called *Wildlife Ranching*, a recent issue of which invites you to start your very own line of Cape buffalo with an advertisement for a pregnant, $200,000 cow named Delila under the headline "Her beauty will haunt you."

Today, Francis is after a $6,000 sable antelope. It is winter in Limpopo, the country's poorest and northernmost province, and the land inside these 6,000 fenced acres is all tall dry grass, brown denuded trees, and thirsty red clay. Emu run past us, and in the distance a couple of zebras watch. "Look!" says Francis, leaning out of the jeep into the wind, and within a thicket of yellow trees two shapes resolve into giraffes.

I imagine we'll traipse into some far-off thicket of trees and spend the day immersed in the kind of poetic sensory awareness befitting a 19th-century safari, peering through tall grass, awake to each branch-crack and sprig-rustle. I imagine that this will be taxing both emotionally and physically. Instead, we arrive at a tiny, dark, stale-smelling hut with a dirt floor on which are parked three white plastic chairs. In the wall of the hut there is a hole through which may pass a bullet or an arrow aimed at a small pond a few yards away. Francis and Faul tiptoe into the room and lower themselves into chairs, taking care that their clothes don't brush loudly against the plastic. Slowly—very slowly—it dawns on me that this experience will require an entirely different kind of endurance.

Three hours in, Francis sticks her hand out the hole and throws some powder into the air, where it whorls like snow. It's best to stay downwind of an animal you're after, but the breeze comes from all directions, throwing our scent into the field. I am growing sick with hunger. John has a cooler full of food. He hands me a carrot. I bite the carrot. John and Rebecca look at me. I take the carrot out of my mouth and put it in my pocket.

There are many ways that this exercise might be made easier and, in fact, is made easier for hunters without Francis's sense of

PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF REBECCA FRANCIS

sportingness. We might, for instance, hunt in a more circumscribed area, or one with a single watering hole instead of five. We might drug the animal into a sluggish stupor, which is a common accusation made against lion hunters. We might hunt with a rifle instead of a bow. But we do none of these things. Instead, we wait for the sable to make a mistake.

I am a person who finds the sedentary, three-minute Shavasana post-yoga coda almost too much stillness to endure. Five hours in, we've been visited by many warthogs ("So cute!" she says), nyala antelope ("Oh, heavens!"), and a tsessebe ("Oh my gosh!"), but not the particular sable Francis has permission to "take," and so the bow remains tilted against the blind.

There's a dot on Francis's hand. "That's a pepper tick," she says pleasantly and flicks it off.

The sun fades to dusk, John urinates in a bottle while Francis and I contemplate male privilege, and as we close in on 11 hours, we hear the rumble of the jeep that's come to pick us up. We climb out of the hut and squint in the light.

"You don't win them all!" Faul says.

"Mostly, you fail," says Francis.

The infamous photo of Francis next to a giraffe she hunted in 2010.

"What must've happened to you in your life to make you want to kill a beautiful animal & then lie next to it smiling?"

In the child's menagerie, the giraffe stands apart—gentle, exposed, sweetly awkward, a wildly improbable creature of a mysterious and unpeopled land. He is no one's pet and no one's predator. Even among the most dedicated big-game hunters, men who live to "take" rhinos and elephants and what is called, with the sport's morbid penchant for enumerative collecting, "the big five," the tallest living terrestrial animal is not one many dream of killing. But in the photograph that brought Rebecca Francis to the world's attention, a slain giraffe's head and neck curve over her five-foot-two frame, very nearly nuzzling her abundant hair. This is a "field photograph" or, more commonly, "hero shot," which is part of the trophy-taking ritual, though Francis was unusual for lying down next to the giraffe rather than kneeling behind him with bow erect, as if genuflecting in a very scary church. Hunting publications are full of tips for getting the perfect "hero shot," which include wiping the blood from the animal's mouth, placing its legs underneath its body, and "skylighting" antlers such that their full magnitude is made visible.

The hero shot, it turns out, is the near-perfect outrage-generating viral item. Gervais's followers tweeted it 50,000 times more. Francis's phone began ringing with Facebook notifications and did not stop. There were among these, one imagines, informed arguments about the decline of African fauna, the problem of canned hunts among unscrupulous African outfitters, and the ethical implications of celebratory animal slaughter, but they were buried under something else. "By nature humans, women in particular, give life … not take it," someone wrote. "This devil b*tch has no place in the world and should be hunted and culled herself." It was suggested that her children "get skittled by a car right in front of her." She turned from Facebook to a full in-box and clicked off her email without opening a message.

Inside Edition was first to call. When the story appeared on the local news, Francis went to the supermarket and noticed shoppers glancing up from their phones and back again. Her 15-year-old daughter forwarded her a Photoshopped image in which an arrow pierced her mother's blood-covered chest. Two weeks after the tweet, her 22-year-old son found and sent her something called "Beauty Pageant Killer," which turned out to be a Rebecca Francis slideshow accompanied by Auto-Tuned original lyrics and precipitated his mother's slide into an isolating depression: "How does my hair look? / I'll put it on Facebook" and "Can I be any more blunt / You're a cunt."

"The video really put me over the edge," Francis says. "And then I started reading the emails." **from:** James. **subject:** You are. **message body:** a cunt. **from:** Stopkillingendangeredspecies-youtastelesscunt@fuckyou.com. **subject:** Don't be a bitch. **message body:** You're a cunt. **from:** Urastupidcunt@hotmail.com. **subject:** fuck you. **message body:** You are an unspeakably evil, vile, empty-hearted cunt. **from:** Stuart. **subject:** FINAL WARNING. **message body:** Normally, Im not for violence against women! However, if I see just one more picture of you with an innocent defenceless creature I'm going to take your fucking eyes out with you still conscious and mail them to your family! I will be getting in touch with several people in UTAH soon to monitor your situation … You are a malignant cunt.

Rebecca Francis was not the first. There had been Texas Tech cheerleader Kendall Jones grinning astride a felled lion. There had been Jen Cordaro, and there had been Melissa Bachman, and there had also been Canadian Eva Shockey, the daughter of a hunter and television host named Jim Shockey—"hunting royalty," as someone put it to me—and a man with no shortage of dead-animal selfies under his belt.

It takes essentially no effort to find an image of the male Shockey exactly parallel to the one for which his daughter began

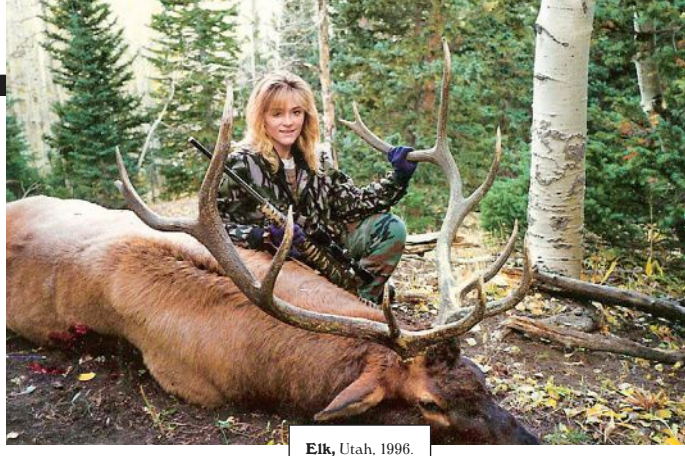
to receive, in her words, "5,000-plus death threats a day," and yet Shockey informs me that the highest number of death threats he has ever received in a 24-hour period is precisely 88. Leaving aside the potentially sound reasons for social sanction of a trophy hunter, there is no question that the response to Francis and others has to do with both hunting and gender, so much so that many in the hunting community are convinced of the existence of an organized campaign by animal-rights organizations to raise money by targeting young women. But you don't have to believe the conspiracy theory—I don't—to acknowledge that at the individual level, mine and perhaps yours, there is something vastly more shocking about seeing pretty, fashionable, 26-year-old Eva in a fishtail braid next to a dead bear than seeing her unshaven cowboy-hat-and-red-kerchief-wearing dad next to the same.

What is it about a pretty woman with a weapon? All of these rape-threat-inducing photos share the contrivance of a woman prepared for the camera—the highlights, the eyeliner, the bleached teeth—beside some nakedly majestic beast stripped of its dignity, demoted from natural wonder to photo prop. The male Shockey may well have just crawled from a cave for some prebreakfast bear-tussling, but his daughter's polish suggests a standing appointment with a salon professional. Does the very artifice demanded of women in a cultural context become, in the wild, grotesque? Does the activity euphemistically referred to as "taking care of myself" prevent women from seeming credibly and sportingly of the wild? A hero shot is, among other things, a flag in the ground—I did this, did it here, did it now. And yet beyond the community of hunters, the photo does not evoke a thousand-acre South African game preserve, with its own complicated set of ethics, so much as our intuitions about nature or, more precisely, naturalness, which includes womanliness and animal innocence and prescriptive, ethical eating. This is what distinguishes Francis's story from other tales of social-media mauling: the naïve way the crusade against her was launched, from an army of iPhones, as a defense of the virgin wild. Among those of us for whom "large-mammal killing" and "vacation" are not synonymous, to look at the photo of Francis is to be reminded of every morality tale we've ever heard about dumb greed despoiling something pure and innocent of artifice, from *Bambi* up through BP and beyond. But that judgment depends on a stable idea of where the wilderness ends and civilization begins, and in the company of trophy hunters, this becomes increasingly difficult to determine.

"YOU DON'T KNOW *ANYONE* who hunts?" Francis asked me the first day we met. I don't know anyone who hunts. Francis grew up shooting deer and elk with her father and brothers in central Utah. "Hunting for me all my life," she says, "has been about family, part of who we are. You can smell the change in the air when it's gettin' to fall, and I'll be like, 'We're going to the mountains!'"

Before Francis found her husband, Lee, hunting was a casual hobby. When they met on a blind date 20 years ago, he was 38, divorced, with custody of five children, and she was a 21-year-old student with a 2-year-old son. She called him and suggested that they climb Utah's Mount Timpanogos. "That's a hard hike," said Lee, a rock-climbing marathon runner then in the best shape of his life. "Just let me know," she said at the base of the mountain, "if I am going too fast." Two weeks later, he asked her to marry him. They were a Mormon family of six. "It was, uh, challenging," she says now. "I was always the bad guy to someone." Her oldest stepson was only seven years her junior.

At a time when no one catered to women hunters, Francis brought to her marriage an altered rifle and a closetful of boys' hunting clothes tailored to fit her frame. Lee introduced her to something more akin to outright survivalism, hunting–cum–adventure seeking in which they'd go after singular game in life-threatening terrain.



Elk, Utah, 1996.

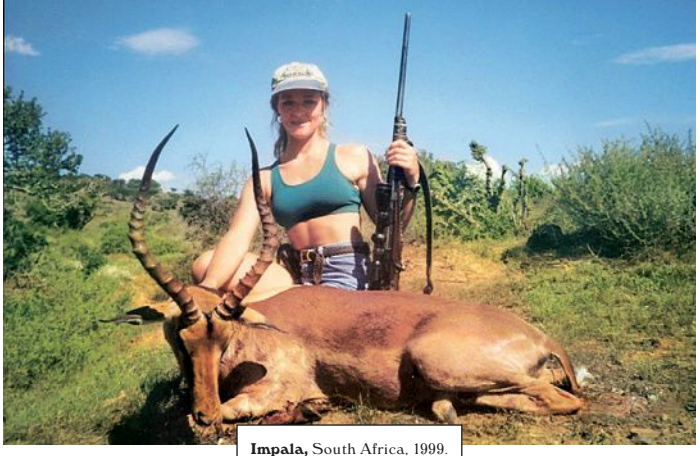
PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF REBECCA FRANCIS

"You don't

By September 2000, they had an 11-month-old named Landon, and Rebecca was four months pregnant with another child. She was still nursing her son, so she took him along on a hunt, riding five hours out to their preferred hunting grounds, a steep, rocky, red-tinged mountainscape with pine forests and open hillsides where deer and elk come out to feed. They pitched a tent for the night, and the next morning, Francis tied a camouflage bandanna around Landon's head, put him in a backpack, and set out with her rifle. When they spotted deer, they separated. Every so often, Francis stopped to nurse. Late in the day, she shot a buck that had retreated to a steep, rock-covered hillside. She took Landon off her back. To keep him from tumbling down the mountain, she made a little wall of rocks and set him behind it, whereupon she took out her knife and sliced open the deer from tail to skull. As she tells me this, Francis says she finds none of it remarkable, in that there wasn't anything special about that buck, and among hunters the value of a kill is related to the difficulty of tracking and taking a particular animal, not whether you were pregnant, nursing, or both.

As a kind of musing aside, she mentions that on that trip, her horse wandered off and was stolen. And so, two months later, on another hunting trip, she found herself riding an unfamiliar animal. It was winter by then, and they were riding over a steep, icy pass when the horse tripped and fell onto its side, catching Francis between the hill and the horse, shattering numerous bones in her foot. She and Lee rode the five hours to the road and drove 90 minutes to a hospital in Jackson Hole. Because she was pregnant, she refused any pain medication, including acetaminophen. It remains the worst pain she has ever been in—far worse, she says, than the unmedicated labor she underwent while the foot was healing. A few months later, she would learn that a familiar-sounding horse was going up for auction three and a half hours away. Now eight months pregnant, standing on asymmetrical legs, wearing a boot on her foot, she bought it back.

The stories of which Francis is most proud involve rare animals in dangerous terrain, the kind of kills other hunters envy. Consider her epic two-week sheep hunt in Alaska, undertaken with Lee in 1997. This involves, in extremely compressed summary: being dropped at the bottom of a 3,000-foot Alaskan glacier with a 50-pound pack and as many miles from anything; crossing said glacier over a day of difficult hiking; climbing the steep shale, surface-of-the-moon-like striated cliffs, on which sheep actually live; camping on plateaus so small they can't accommodate the entire tent; remaining in that tent through a three-day rainstorm that drives the peak right off an adjacent mountain; running out of food; climbing *back over the glacier* to get to where the plane



Impala, South Africa, 1999.

Moose, Alaska, 2013.

know anyone who hunts?" Francis asked incredulously.

can drop more food; returning, once again over the glacier, to the cliffs; camping through a terrifying windstorm that threatens to sweep the tent off the mountain; engaging in an activity Francis calls "celebrating our anniversary" on a cliff while waiting for sheep to show up; shooting a ram from 500 yards at dusk; watching that ram tumble in a kind of blur of white and gray down a ravine in the glacier; having no idea which ravine; returning to camp for a few hours' sleep; waking up to search for the carcass; spotting, by incredible luck, the mangled ram at the bottom of a ravine; slicing the ram open to look for any meat not ruined by bone fragments; and carrying the ram back over the glacier. Francis's pack, when she made the sheep-meat-laden journey back, weighed 90 pounds. She weighed 115.

By now, Lee says, Rebecca has "outshined him in every way—bigger sheep, bigger elk, everything." When she became bored with the rifle—at some point, it no longer struck Rebecca as sporting to shoot from 100 yards away—Lee gave her a bow, which requires more strength, a lighter foot, and the ability to watch with equanimity as a slight breeze wafts your arrow away from an animal you've spent days shadowing. Francis excelled, in part because she is, in Lee's words, "sneaky, like a cougar," capable of inching right up to an animal that he and most hunters would send running. On a trip in 2010, she spotted an elk browsing in a stand of pine and quaking aspen. She left Lee behind and, over the course of three or four hours, slithering and crawling and tiptoeing from log to bush to log, made her way over to them. There were 20 or so, many females and a few bulls, only ten yards from where she lay on her stomach. "I could see their eyelashes when they were blinking," she says, "their chests when they breathed. I had chills going down my arm." The largest bull, warning off the other males, tilted his head up into the air and pressed his horns against his back. He started to scream, an earsplitting, high-pitched bugle. Francis tried to control her breathing. Another bull screamed in response. She lay listening among the harem for two hours.

"When you're right there next to them," she says, "you're holding your breath, hoping that the moment continues. I've dreamed about it since it happened. You can see elk in parks and zoos, but here they are in their element, acting like they do. It's a relationship I built with them that few people ever have. It's you and God's creation. It's as close to God as you can get."

In 2011, on an Alaskan mountaintop, Francis killed what was then the third-biggest dall ram ever taken with a bow. In 2014, she became the second woman archer in history to kill all four species of wild sheep, known as sheep hunting's "Grand Slam." And by then, Francis had competition: The number of American women hunters increased by 20 percent between 2006 and 2011, even as the number of male hunters fell. Last year, Eva Shockey appeared on the cover of *Field & Stream*, the second woman to do so in the magazine's 119-year history and the first who wasn't queen of England. Francis no longer has to alter boys' gear, or buy gear at all, as she has a deal with a young company called Prois that caters exclusively to women.

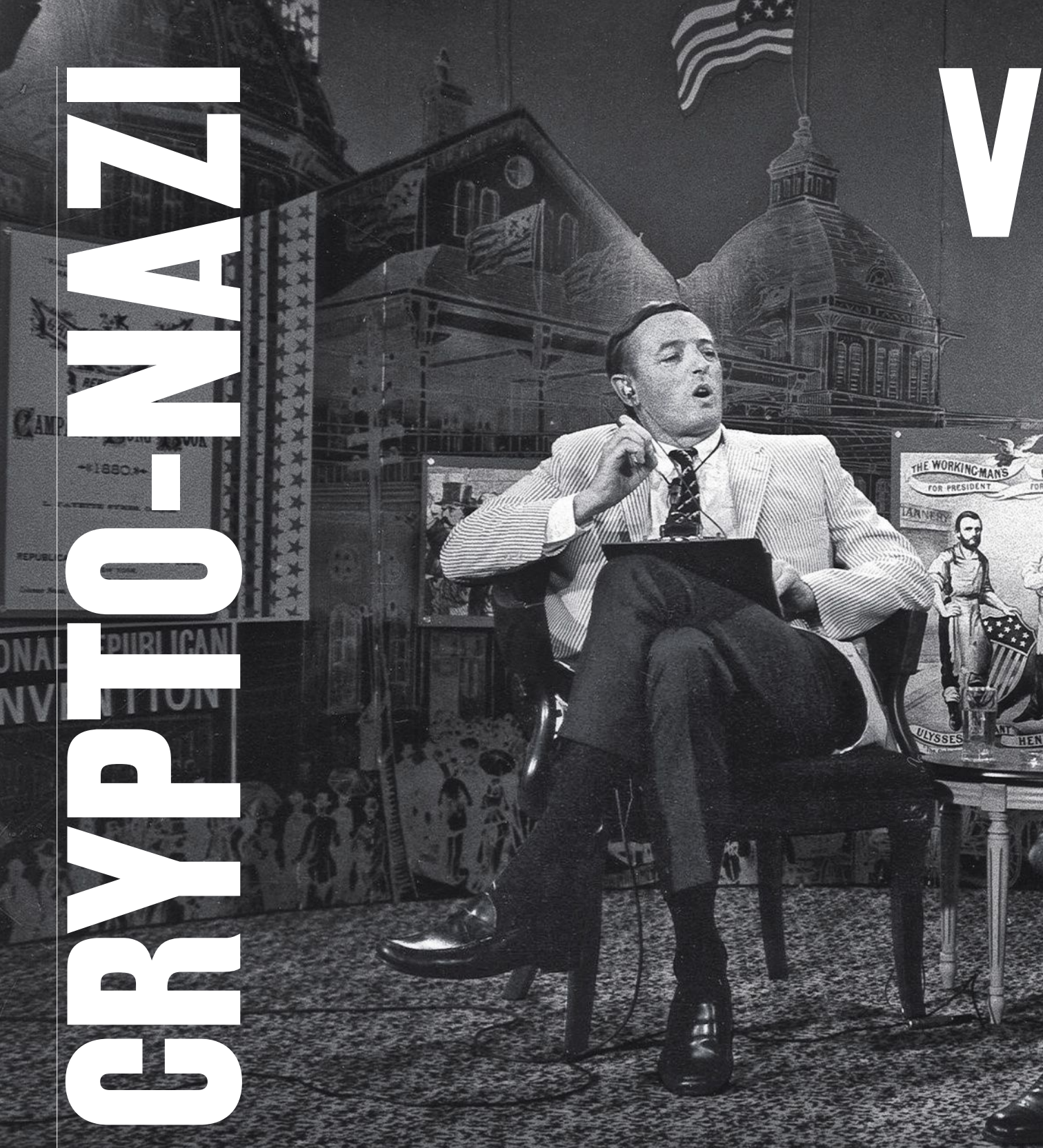
And yet when hunters see a Rebecca Francis hero shot, they still picture her husband beyond the frame. "Women get that whole thing like, 'You got the animal because somebody took you there and put you in front of it,'" says Lee. "The perception is that women don't know how to hunt, they just go with somebody that does. Even my brothers and my son say, 'She is just getting them because you are taking her.'"

"I have spent days and days in the mountains," Francis says. "I have hunted at 10,000- and 11,000-feet elevation. I'm the second woman to do a Grand Slam. They say I can't do it without my husband, but I am a guide; I guide hunters. Last year, someone dropped me off in the middle of nowhere in Alaska in a Super Cub, and I stayed out there for over seven days and got a black bear and a caribou. I don't need my husband, is what I am saying. I can take off with the horses on my own."

Part of the oddity of Francis's story is that for every hunter ready to condemn her as a beauty-queen poser—and there are plenty of salt-of-the-Earth meat hunters who find trophy hunters in general loathsome, effete one percenters—one can find a pragmatic conservationist with a ready defense. Conservationists like Susie Offord of Save the Rhinos International, who believes trophy hunting to be a "conservation tool," necessary to the "incredibly expensive" task of preventing habitat loss and poaching. Conservationists like John Hanks, former head of the World Wildlife Fund's South Africa chapter, who has called trophy hunting "absolutely essential if we are going to look for the long-term future for rhinos in the whole of Africa."

The story to which conservationists return is Kenya, which banned trophy hunting in 1977 and as a result, according to Catherine Semcer of the anti-poaching NGO Humanitarian Operations Protecting Elephants, "has lost between 60 and 80 percent of their large mammals outside of parks." Animals not tied to anyone's financial interest, in other words, are likely to succumb to well-armed poachers, habitat loss, or pissed-off farmers. If extinction is your primary concern—and let's allow that trophy hunting brings up many other concerns having to do with animal suffering and much else—the *(Continued on page 96)*

CRYPTO-NAZI



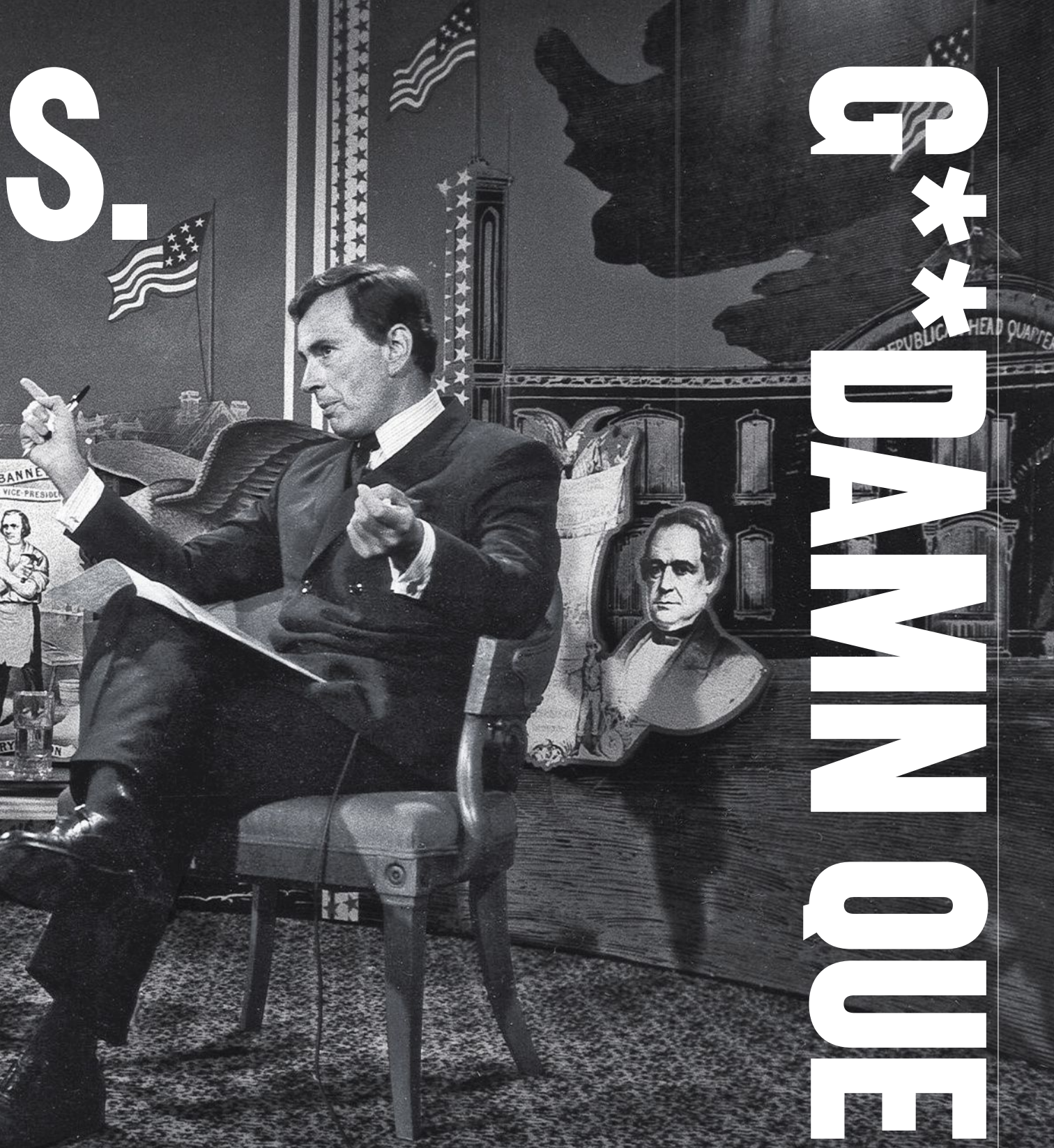
As a new documentary shows, they don't make 'em like William Buckley and Gore Vidal anymore.

BY JIM HOLT

IN 1968, THERE EXISTED two especially splendid exemplars of a now-extinct species: "celebrity intellectual." They were Gore Vidal and William F. Buckley Jr. Then in their early 40s, Vidal and Buckley became nationally famous in a way that no intellectual is today. Both got onto the cover of *Time*; both were regulars on *The Tonight Show*; both made much-publicized runs for office; both provided fodder for stand-up comics. Unlike the common ruck of intellectuals, even "public" intellectuals, these two were *performers*: skilled controversialists whose highbrow com-

S.

G**DAMN QUEER



bat could be staged as mass entertainment.

Vidal and Buckley were both patrician in manner, glamorous in aura, irregularly handsome, self-besottedly narcissistic, ornate in vocabulary, casually erudite, irrepressibly witty, highly telegenic, and by all accounts great fun to be around. They were powerfully connected, both politically and socially: Buckley was on close terms with Reagan and Nixon, and Buckley's wife, Pat, was the doyenne of Park Avenue society (she ran the Met gala before Anna Wintour); Vidal, the grandson of a senator, shared a stepfather with Jackie Kennedy and had been a confidant of

her first husband, JFK, as well as an intimate friend of Eleanor Roosevelt, Paul Newman, Princess Margaret, and Tennessee Williams. Each spoke in a theatrical accent of his own invention: They did not merely have opinions, they *pronounced* them.

Also, they warmly hated each other. Buckley—founder of *National Review,* host of the talk show *Firing Line,* syndicated newspaper columnist, and onetime New York mayoral candidate—was a man of the right. Vidal—best-selling novelist, Broadway playwright, Hollywood screenwriter, and two-time congressional candidate—was a man of the left. But this did not explain the intensity of their mutual loathing. The antipathy was personal at root, perhaps even psychosexual.

It was in 1968, a presidential-election year, that ABC came up with a bold idea. What if, during the political conventions taking place that summer, these two notorious enemies could be coaxed into appearing together on live TV to argue politics with each other? Wouldn't that boost the network's dismal third-place ratings? Wouldn't it be ripping-good theater?

It proved to be more ripping than the network could foresee. Despite their aversion to each other, Buckley and Vidal were unable to resist this proposition: They both lusted for the sort of fame that television could provide them as salesmen for their ideas. ("Never turn down the opportunity to have sex or to be on television" was Vidal's motto.) Their series of ten nightly clashes—beginning at the relatively staid Republican convention in Miami and continuing through the bloodily tumultuous Democratic convention in Chicago—went from stylish vituperation to arch bitchiness to near fisticuffs, culminating in an explosive exchange between the two combatants that left network executives and viewers at home not quite able to believe what they had heard: Vidal calling Buckley a "pro- or crypto-Nazi" and Buckley calling Vidal a "queer" and threatening to "sock" him "in the goddamn face." Such language on television was unprecedented. As Dick Cavett later commented: "The network nearly shat."

I had a rather different reaction, watching the spectacle on live TV as a 13-year-old boy. I thought it was simply thrilling. I had never heard anyone say "goddamn" on TV before, or even "queer," at least in that specialized pejorative sense. I was a "teen for Gene"—that is, a callow supporter of the liberal antiwar candidate Eugene McCarthy—so my political sympathies were naturally with Vidal, who deplored our ruinous imperial meddling in Vietnam, as against Buckley, who was so hawkish that he talked cavalierly of using tactical nuclear weapons against Hanoi. But I was mesmerized by Buckley's rhetorical deftness, by his eloquent and often deadly ripostes. I fantasized about going up against the great conservative icon myself some day (which, as it happens, I eventually did, to no great effect).

The epic parry and thrust was unforgettable to those who saw it on TV—not quite rising, perhaps, to the standard of Gladstone and Disraeli, but certainly better than anything we've witnessed since. When Nixon was asked to what purpose he would put the auditorium of his presidential library, he said it should be used to reenact "great debates like—oh, Vidal and Buckley."

But why reenact them when we have the tapes? A couple of years ago, I discovered that bits and pieces of the original debate broadcasts had been uploaded to YouTube. Out of nostalgia, I have watched them repeatedly—enough that I am able to do a fairly creditable impression of Vidal and Buckley, which I perform, without prompting, during any lull at a dinner party. I have learned to mimic the way Buckley meticulously intones all three syllables of the word "queer": "Now, listen, you quee-ay-uh …"

And now the battle royal between Vidal and Buckley is the subject of a superbly entertaining documentary, *Best of Enemies.* Drawing on archival footage (supplemented by the actors Kelsey Grammer and John Lithgow), the film captures the high drama of the debates and provides a nostalgia bath for those of us wistful about that vanished era when men of letters would engage in highbrow jousting on national TV—and when everybody wanted to watch.

Nineteen sixty-eight was a year that opened with the Tet Offensive and continued with the abrupt announcement that President Johnson would not seek a second term, the assassinations of both Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy, and weeks of arson and looting in American cities. The country appeared to be coming apart. And then from the Democratic convention came the televised spectacle of out-of-control police savagely beating antiwar protesters.

Given the grim backdrop, it is remarkable how funny the documentary manages to be. We are treated to the sight of Republican women arriving in Miami, their hair blue-rinsed and their pastel-tinted dresses with matching accessories carefully coordinated by convention organizers so as not to appear "garish" on TV. The candidate Richard Nixon is seen as he deplanes, striking his enduringly ridiculous trademark V-for-victory pose, his face a grinning mask, his lapels around his ears.

Then there are the preening principals: Buckley at the helm of his sailboat flashing that "It's good to be Bill" smile of his; Vidal brooding sardonically in the study of La Rondinaia, his magnificent Italian residence built into a cliff high over the Gulf of Salerno—where, in the last decades before his death, an amplified voice from tourist boats in the Mediterranean waters far below could daily be heard announcing in a dozen languages, "There, in his villa, lives the famous American writer Gore Vidal."

How equally pitted were they? Well, Buckley was "the great debater of his time," and Vidal was "the great talker of his time"—so observes Sam Tanenhaus, a former New York *Times* editor long at work on a biography of Buckley. And there was a sort of perverse Freudian reciprocity between Vidal and Buckley that heightened their mutual wariness. As Tanenhaus puts it, "Each one saw in the other a kind of exaggerated image of his own anxious version of himself."

The encounter at the 1968 conventions was not their first; the two had already had a couple of televised colloquies in the early '60s as suave spokesmen for their respective points of view. Their negative chemistry had been instant. To Buckley, Vidal seemed a dangerous left-wing extremist and no doubt a pervert. To Vidal, Buckley seemed "a sort of right-wing Liberace." Their erudite to-and-fro of ideas, accompanied by velvety insults, made for exhilarating TV—like a Noël Coward play, said the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Just before they met at the conventions, Vidal managed to further arouse Buckley's disgust, publishing a best-selling satirical sexual fantasy called *Myra Breckinridge*—in which, among other interesting plot developments, the transsexual title character rapes a corn-fed straight guy with a strap-on dildo.

Buckley lost no time in calling attention to *Breckinridge* in the 1968 debates, insinuating that authorship of this "perverted" piece of "pornography" disqualified Vidal as a serious commentator. When Vidal opened the first debate in Miami by calling the Republicans the "party of greed," Buckley immediately responded that "the author of *Myra Breckinridge* is well acquainted with the imperatives of greed."

But Vidal was ready for him. "If I may say so, Bill, before you go any further, that if there were a contest for *Mr.* Myra Breckinridge, you would unquestionably win it," he replied. "I based the entire style polemically upon you—passionate and irrelevant." This irked Buckley, and even more so his wife, who complained, "Two hundred million Americans think William F. Buckley is a screaming homosexual."

PREVIOUS SPREAD: PHOTOGRAPH: ABC PHOTO ARCHIVES/ABC VIA GETTY IMAGES

The back-and-forth innuendo continued through the debates, with Buckley referring to Vidal as "feline" and his political analysis as "neurotic" and "diseased," and Vidal calling Buckley "the Marie Antoinette of the right wing." When Vidal, citing an editorial that Buckley had written advocating the preemptive bombing of China's nuclear facilities, referred to "that magazine whose name I will not mention," Buckley sneeringly said, "We know that you'd like nothing to sully your lips." Vidal shot back, sotto voce: "You'll eat it first."

AMID ALL the acidulated repartee, Buckley and Vidal managed to articulate sharply opposing views on the issues: race and poverty, "law and order," containment versus rollback in the Cold War, the morality of intervention abroad, the limits of empire, and the toleration of dissent. And they did this with a degree of eloquence and intellectual sophistication—marked by casual references to the Monroe Doctrine, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the Congress of Vienna—not seen on TV today.

Then, in their penultimate debate, it all blew up. That day in Chicago had been the most violent of the Democratic convention, as Mayor Daley's police exuberantly bloodied antiwar demonstrators with their clubs in what became known as the "Massacre of Michigan Avenue." From the podium of the convention, Connecticut senator Abe Ribicoff denounced the "Gestapo tactics on the streets of Chicago," looking directly at Daley. The enraged Daley jumped up from his seat, the empurpled veins in his face almost bursting, and shouted something at Ribicoff—which, though unmiked, could clearly be made out on the mayor's lips by TV viewers: "Fuck you, you Jew son of a bitch!"

The mayhem strained the already taut nerves of Vidal and Buckley. Vidal had seen it up close, driving, accompanied by Arthur Miller and Paul Newman, into a cloud of tear gas. A sleep-deprived Buckley had been kept up the night before by what he called the "sheer utter obscenities" of the demonstrators in the park 14 floors below his hotel window. In the debate Vidal said, "It's like living under a Soviet regime here," whereas Buckley expressed his contempt for the demonstrators—who, he claimed, had provoked the police reaction by chanting the name of Ho Chi Minh and raising a Viet Cong flag.

Then a seemingly innocuous question was posed by the moderator: Wasn't the display of the Viet Cong flag by the demonstrators a "provocative act," rather like "raising a Nazi flag in World War II?"

Leaping at the comparison, Buckley said that those who "egg on" the enemy to shoot our soldiers in Vietnam should at the very least be "ostracized" the way "pro-Nazi" Americans were. Upon which Vidal interjected, "As far as I'm concerned, the only sort of pro- or crypto-Nazi I can think of is yourself." In the split second it took Buckley to register this remark, his jaw tightened and his usually cool features contorted in a rictus of hatred. "Now, listen, you queer," he said, lingering with contempt over the word, "stop calling me a crypto-Nazi, or I'll sock you in the goddamn face and you'll stay plastered."

Then, as Vidal blinked his moist eyes and cooed, "Oh, Bill, you're too extraordinary," Buckley leaned forward, looking to be on the verge of delivering the sock-to-the-goddamn-face then and there, on live TV. But instead, he fell back again—perhaps under the restraint of a clavicle brace he was wearing under his suit, the result of a broken collarbone he had sustained in a sailing accident—and declared, "Let the author of *Myra Breckinridge* go back to his pornography and stop making any allusions of Nazism to someone who served in the infantry in the last war." Whereupon Vidal, who knew that Buckley had never actually made it into combat during World War II, shouted, "You were not in the infantry! Now you're distorting your own military record!"

As the two men removed their earpieces at the end of the debate, a smiling Vidal whispered to Buckley, "Well, I guess we gave them their money's worth tonight!"

Buckley, though, was indignant. In the aftermath of the debate, he brought a libel suit against Vidal and against *Esquire* for giving Vidal space for further animadversions (Buckley had earlier been given the same chance). For the rest of his life, Buckley looked back on the affray with pain—not because he had called Vidal a "queer," but because he had been goaded into losing his vaunted composure. When, in a 1999 interview with Buckley, Ted Koppel showed the "Nazi"-"queer" excerpt from the debates, a stunned Buckley was uncharacteristically speechless. He had thought—he had hoped—the tape had been destroyed. Vidal, who bragged of the encounter that he had "enticed the cuckoo to sing its song," knew better. He had obtained a complete set of tapes and reveled in playing them, night after night, for a captive audience of guests at his Italian villa. One of them, in the documentary, likens Vidal in his dotage to Norma Desmond in *Sunset Boulevard*.

What makes *Best of Enemies* so poignant is the sense of loss it leaves one with. Buckley and Vidal, each deemed a "national treasure" at the time, are now largely forgotten, which is sad. And we have no one like them today, which is sadder. We do have plenty of "public intellectuals"—scholars, thinkers, and literary types who write for the middle-to-highbrow press and give lectures at the 92nd Street Y. Some of them tub-thump against religion; some take brave stands on sexual culture; some run for political office. But their disputes play out on Twitter and other social media, before an audience fragmented into a thousand niche groups. And none of them are glamorous and magnetic the way Buckley and Vidal were—or also-departed peers Norman Mailer, Susan Sontag, James Baldwin, and Truman Capote.

Yet there is something paradoxical about this. Why should we rue the disappearance of the "celebrity intellectual" when those who achieved that status so easily pass into cultural oblivion, as Buckley and Vidal are well on their way to doing? If the species were truly important, would its members not leave some sort of enduring legacy?

THE ANTIPATHY THEY FELT WAS PERSONAL AT ROOT, PERHAPS EVEN PSYCHOSEXUAL.

Near the end of *Best of Enemies*, it is suggested that the televised display of hostility between Vidal and Buckley in 1968 was the beginning of a long decline in the quality of political discourse on TV and other media—that it was, as one observer puts it in the documentary, "a harbinger of an unhappy future." We are regaled with images of today's American cable-news talking heads—Bill O'Reilly and the rest of his ilk—shouting down and abusing one another. Jon Stewart is shown chastising the hosts of the political gabfest *Crossfire*: "You're doing theater when you should be doing debate!"

But debate and theater are not mutually exclusive. Buckley and Vidal demonstrated that in their epic clash. All you need is a pair of fiercely clever controversialists, skilled in the art of mandarin invective and the practice of malice, who crave fame as salesmen for their implacably opposed worldviews. We seem not to be breeding those anymore. ■

THE CUT

MY ONE THING

Men talking about their everyday style signatures. *Photographs by* **BOBBY DOHERTY**

Interviews by Erica Schwiegershausen

My English Boots

GÖSTA PETERSON,
photographer

These boots are sized for slim feet, so they feel good on the foot and the ankle. I've had them for more than 40 years. The way I dress hasn't changed much. There are certain inspirations—like Fred Astaire, the Duke of Windsor, and Richard Merkin, who was a teacher at RISD—but I don't theorize at all. I just put on what I have. I like it, I put it on.

My Multipurpose Scarves

RON HAVIV, ***photojournalist*** I use a scarf in the field—to protect from the sun, or tear gas. It could even be used as a tourniquet. Last year, I was covering gold-mining in the Amazon, and I fell down a hill, and somebody was able to pull me out using my scarf.

My Crop Tops

ANTWAUN SARGENT, ***culture writer*** I hate the way men's shirts fit. They're all kind of oversize or too small. My crop tops have gotten shorter as I've become more comfortable wearing them. I also like cropped sweaters—Alexander Wang, Acne. I don't see a lot of guys wearing crop tops.

My Lucky Hats

CHARLIE ST. JOHN, ***student*** I made the hat my own by writing basketball players' names on it. NBA players are very well dressed. I watch them on Instagram. I'm lucky my teacher allows me to wear my hats in class. I'm on Amazon all the time looking for new ones.

My Tailored Harley Tees

THOMAS KIKIS, ***stylist*** I collect vintage T-shirts and tailor them. My tailor thinks I'm crazy because the alterations cost $35 per shirt. Harley gives me a little toughness that I lack in my overall presence, and it's funny because I'm so not a Harley guy. I don't ride a motorcycle. I actually can barely drive a car.

My Unruly Brows

WILLIAM SCOTT, makeup artist and brow specialist

When I was younger, I used to hate my unibrow, but I've let it grow. I trim some long hairs, clean up any stray hairs. But if you groom too often, they can look very manicured, which I don't like.

←

My Colorful Kurtas

ASHWIN BALANI, ***owner, Juban restaurant***

I feel incredibly relaxed wearing kurtas with linen pants or with jeans—whatever matches. I feel like the kurta enhances my identity, as being Indian and owning a Japanese restaurant. I've had someone say, "Nice dress," and I said, "Thank you." I don't really take any offense to it if someone doesn't understand what it is. I mean, it could look like a dress, certainly.

→

My Pristine Pocket Squares

HAROLD KODA, ***curator-in-charge, the Costume Institute at the Met***

I think of my style as monastic monotony. My pocket square evokes the cookie-cutter template of a '50s business guy. It's always a gray suit, white shirt, and black shoes. I started with Brooks Brothers, had a brief Comme des Garçons period, moved to Armani, switched to Ralph Lauren, and have ended up with Thom Browne. I first started wearing pocket squares when I returned to working at the Met in 2000. But when I have a cold, I use tissues.

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THE BEST BET

THE GOAL: Find a pair of gardening gloves to wear while tending the fire-escape garden or picking flowers at the country house—both thick enough to protect from thorns and ventilated enough to withstand the August heat. We spoke to community gardeners and park managers across the city who led us away from leather versions (too hot, and they mold when used with water) and generic hardware-store cotton (too flimsy, and they snag at every rogue branch). THE VERDICT: The **Atlas 370 nitrile-coated gardening gloves** ($6 at Amazon.com) balance durability and breathability—which is probably why Gramercy Park, Central Park, and Prospect Park all garden with them. The brand was the first to use the now-standard protective nitrile material to cover palms and fingers, with lightweight nylon layered on top. They come sized for both men and women in several primary colors.

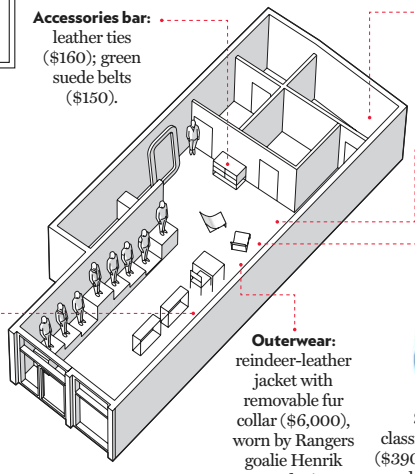
Photograph by Bobby Doherty

BEST BETS

FIRST LOOK

In August, Swedish menswear designer **Stephen F** *brings turquoise suits and hand-sewn suede shoes to his first Stateside shop (829 Washington St.).*

Colorful suits: matching lavender shorts ($285) and blazers ($1,300), worn by Alan Cumming at the Tonys.



Accessories bar: leather ties ($160); green suede belts ($150).

Downstairs: personal shopping, with a sofa and coffee table.

Drawings: artist illustrations of the fall-winter collection ($300).

Outerwear: reindeer-leather jacket with removable fur collar ($6,000), worn by Rangers goalie Henrik Lundqvist.

Shoe rack: classic suede loafers ($390); velvet tuxedo shoes ($600).

2x2

➳ *Popsicle Molds*

Make your own FrozFruits.

	6-YEAR-OLD'S PARTY	36-YEAR-OLD'S PARTY
PUSH	**Silikomart 3-piece ice-pop mold**, $22 at Amazon.com.	**Classic push-up-pop mold**, $15 at Willams-Sonoma.com.
DON'T PUSH	**Ring-jewel ice-pop mold**, $12 for six at Uncommongoods.com.	**Stainless-steel ice-pop mold**, $45 for six at Thetickletrunk.com.

ASK A SHOP CLERK

Grande dame decorator **Bunny Williams** *unites all nine of her lines under one roof for the first time (232 E. 59th St.).*

How do you decorate around your two dogs? *They sleep on leopard-print* faux-*fur WallyBeds, which don't show dirt, and sheepskin rugs that I put on the seats of my chairs—the dogs just love those. I'll also wrap my beige sofa cushions with antique textiles to protect the furniture. Their water bowl is an 18th-century Chinese fish bowl because if I have to look at a dog bowl, it better be pretty.*

THREE IN ONE

➳ *Brit Stephanie McDermott's* **The Vale Collective** *has new-to-the-city clothing and local art and coffee (113 N. 7th St., Williamsburg).*

① **SNACK:** Birch coffee, roasted in Long Island City ($3.50); Dough pastries, baked in Manhattan ($3); outdoor garden seating for 20 with couches, outlets, and Wi-Fi.

② **SHOP:** Spanish Bless the Mess blazers ($340); Italian book clutches ($500); French Chatelles slippers ($238); British vintage '80s suede jackets ($590).

③ **LOOK:** Costanza Theodoli-Braschi's *Micropoems* in micronib pen (from $2,000); Carlos Valencia's pencil works ($1,500).

MICROMARKET

Shops (and one portable library) for **hyperniche books.**

ONE GRAND: A selection of "desert island" books picked by big names—Tilda Swinton chose *Owning Your Own Shadow*, by Robert Johnson ($13)—taking over the second floor at Whisper Editions through September *(8 Fulton St.).*

PIONEER WORKS: Novels by Pioneer Works' resident artists, like David Colosi's *Miss Pumpernickel Bread* ($20) *(289 Van Brunt St.; 718-596-3001).*

ARCHESTRATUS BOOKS: Food-focused texts, including *Roman Food Poems*, by Alistair Elliot ($20) *(160 Huron St.; soft opening in August).*

THE FREE BLACK WOMEN'S LIBRARY: Works by black female authors, carried by suitcase: *Parable of the Sower*, by Octavia E. Butler; *Sister Outsider*, by Audre Lord *(roving; Facebook.com/FreeBlackWomansLibrary).*

TOP FIVE

➳ **TenThousandThings** *designer David Rees picks his favorite items from the jewelry brand's new concept store—its first brick-and-mortar with (much) more than just earrings and necklaces (7 Harrison St.).*

"We're selling our friend Gregory Parkinson's **28-ounce espadrilles** ($125) exclusively. That's very thick for denim."

"We casted a rock for a sculpture in the store, and I thought it would make a great **planter** ($175), so I carved out the inside."

"My co-owner Ron Anderson got these **rare black opals** ($3,860) from a family in Australia. The free-form composition of the ring is special."

"These **Strange Invisible fragrances from Venice, California** ($265), are just like our jewelry—made using all organic processes."

"These **sculptural bronze pieces** ($850) are the first 3-D objects Ron designed that aren't jewelry. People put them on their bedside table."

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF THE VENDORS. ILLUSTRATIONS: JASON LEE (FLOOR PLAN); MURPHY LIPPINCOTT (PORTRAIT).

DYLAN ALI,
DJ and student

Where do you DJ?
Bars, random clubs, and I'm DJ'ing for this rap artist, DonMonique; I'm going into my third year at NYU, but I might do a gap year and go on tour with her.

Do you like school?
I like the school, but a majority of the people suck. Like, if you want to be a member of my squad, you have to be down for the cause; you can't just be at home all the time, you have to be spur of the moment, because life is spur of the moment: If there is an art opening or a crazy party, I'll send a group message to my best friends—we all grew up in D.C. together—and all of them will be like, "We're down," but the NYU people, I feel like you have to hit them up a week in advance, and they're going to want to leave mad early. Also, a lot of the NYU kids, they treat me like the token black girl. They'll talk really sassy to me like, "Hey girl," and about twerking, and then talk like normal people to their friends. I don't have time for that.

INTERVIEW BY
ALEXIS SWERDLOFF

LIGHTNING ROUND

Neighborhood: *Bushwick.*
Roommates: *Five. "We're in the McKibbin Lofts. I don't think I'm going to renew the lease in September. But it was fun while it lasted."*
Rent: *$600.*
Instagram followers: *3,800.*
Favorite movie: Tommy.
Favorite party: *Duh at Up & Down.*

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

Spending Time Alone

In a city that can provoke loneliness—but also reward solitude.

In this crowded city of 8.4 million—in fact, the most crowded New York has ever been—one of the great and rare pleasures is finding solitude, whether on the subway or at the movies or in a booth facing the wall at a Chinatown noodle shop. But being alone when surrounded by so many others holds a different appeal from being alone in a cabin in the woods. It's less about being a hermit and more about being a chameleon. It also breeds a different sort of anxiety. Out in the country, you might hear noises in the dark. Here in the city, you might feel like a klieg light is following your every move. Simply requesting a table for one can induce a cold sweat; people might seem like they're staring; you're left with just your thoughts (and a paid-to-be-nice-to-you bartender) as the rest of the city buzzes around. Being alone here is a state of mind, a perpetual choice, and an occasional imposition, a burden, and a gift—and sometimes the very best way to meet a fellow stranger. "Every form of human expressiveness is on display," Vivian Gornick writes of walking the streets by herself, "and I am free to look it right in the face, or avert my eyes if I wish."

Photographs by Franck Bohbot

Riding the Subway Alone

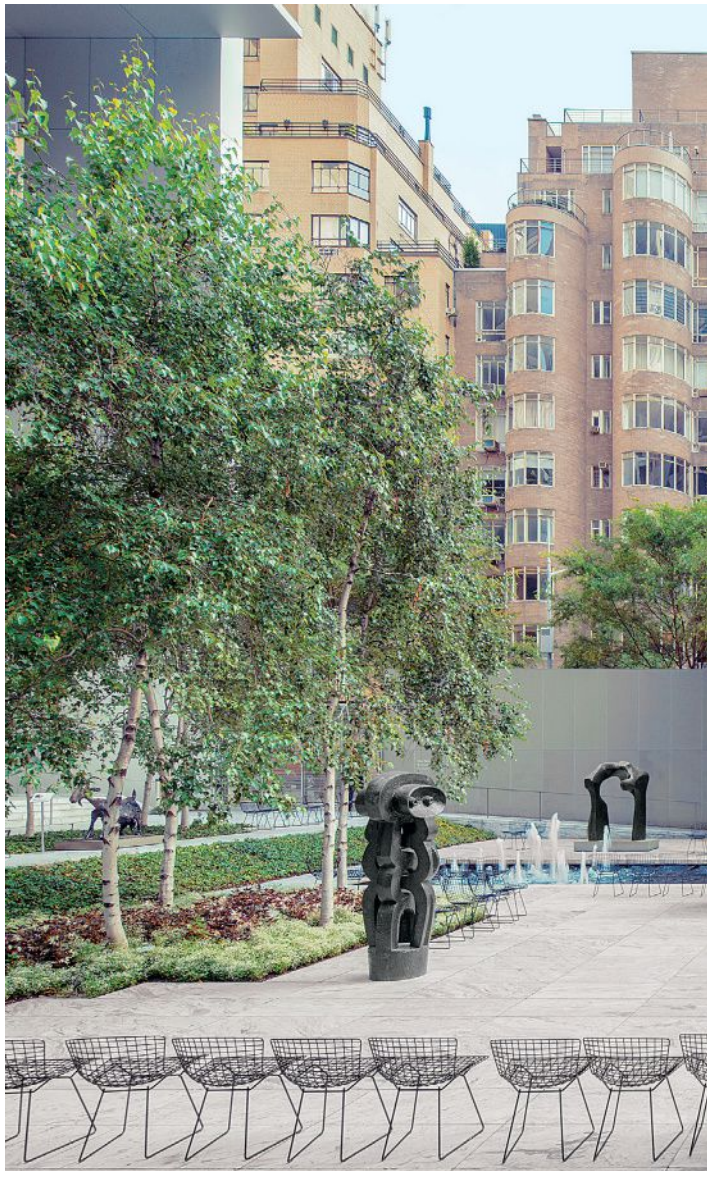
AFTER I HAD my daughter in 2009, I was rarely alone—except during my hour-long commute between Brooklyn and Manhattan, vying for subway space among strangers: That time on the train is mine. Nothing is expected of me; there are no domestic negotiations, no emails or texts or phone calls coming in. I can read, aimlessly or for pleasure. I can eavesdrop on other people's conversations. I can study the increasingly metaphorical ads for breast implants, whose imagery has shifted from cleavage to fruit, or those ineffectual signs pleading for manners on the subway. It's the pointlessness of whatever I end up doing that's most appealing. The time feels stolen, like something I didn't have before, though in truth it is the opposite: a drop of what was once in such a steady supply that I didn't even notice it was there.
—Jennifer Szalai, editor at The New York Times Book Review

Staying at a Hotel Alone

AT HOME, SUDDENLY, there is too much me. A stack of unpaid doctor's bills. A box of clothes I keep forgetting to bring to Goodwill. Even the dust bunnies have grown familiar. This is when I log onto Priceline, or call around for midweek specials, and I book a couple of nights at a hotel in a neighborhood that isn't mine. Airbnb is not an option—the point is to escape personal artifacts entirely, not cozy up with a stranger's. There are more than 600 hotels and 110,000 rooms in New York. The first time, I chose an anonymous conference center in Tribeca, two subway stops from my Brooklyn apartment; even my dreams were uncluttered. The second time, I went Euro-chic no-frills in Greenwich Village, where there is only exactly what you need: clean linens, a bar of plain white soap, coffee in the lobby. I pack light but well. In this new life, I am my better self. Having someone else make the bed helps. I work industriously through the morning, run an errand at lunch. At dinner, I meet a friend. For two days, an unknown corner of the city is mine. I return home refreshed.
—Kate Bolick, author of Spinster: Making a Life of One's Own

Partying Alone

ONE FOURTH OF JULY, I didn't feel like having a big party and all my roommates went to other parties. I downloaded *OK Computer*, which, amazingly, I didn't have yet—I decided in a day to become a Radiohead fan—and just went up to our roof, which overlooked the East River, and listened to the whole thing while the fireworks happened. It felt really cool. It was just having that mental blank. Being up there by myself made the fireworks feel totally different; instead of this big bang and hurrah, it was just like, *Oh, these are beautiful.*
—Sasheer Zamata, performer on Saturday Night Live



VISITING A MUSEUM ALONE

"MoMA's outdoor sculpture garden is always full of people, but there are these individual chairs that can be moved around to create quiet corners—a river flowing around you in your own field of gold. Right now, MoMA has a secret sculpture within this secret garden: In an undergrowth of trees is Pierre Huyghe's reclining female figure with a functioning beehive cocooning her head. You can miss this incredible hidden-away sight; don't. Sometimes the busier it is inside the museum, the quieter it is in the garden: Refuge is only steps away."
—Jerry Saltz, art critic

Walking Alone

I ONCE BROUGHT the conversation at a dinner party to a halt by saying that if everyone I knew died tomorrow, I wouldn't be undone, because I'd still have the streets of New York, where, sooner or later, almost every form of human expressiveness is on display and I am free to look it right

TIPS FROM PRO LONERS

HOW TO BLEND IN: "I put my headphones in, have my phone out, and just kind of gesture like I'm really ticked off. And I wear a lot of navy-blue polo shirts—nothing too bright." *—Michael McKeever, private investigator* HOW TO EAVESDROP: "You still want to be out of eyesight, but instead of sitting back-to-back, you sit behind them and turn on a 90-degree angle, so that your ear is facing the person you want to overhear. Having your ear pointed at them, in a straight line, makes it substantially easier to hear." *—Morgan Friedman, publisher of* Overheard in New York HOW TO GO TO A PARTY KNOWING NO ONE: "I'll talk to people who are also alone. I was recently at a party for the White House Correspondents' Dinner, and I saw Tony Romo standing at the bar alone, and I felt like Tony Romo shouldn't be standing at the bar alone. I went over, and we ended up bonding over our kids and how much we hate baby monitors. I don't really have an opening line, but I can probably talk

MoMA's sculpture garden opens an hour before the museum.

in the face, or avert my eyes if I wish, let my jaw drop, offer it an ice cream, or call the cops—as the mood takes me. Here, alone in the street, I feel free as I do nowhere else, except perhaps at my desk. There is no one to bore, embarrass, or threaten me. No one to whom I owe attention or from whom I need attention. I am free to stop, dawdle, or move on as I will, respond or recede, observe or

(continued on page 64)

READING IN A BAR ALONE

"In the early afternoon, bars are way less crowded than coffee shops, so that's where I get my reading done. Washington Commons in Prospect Heights has a huge backyard, and from two to four on Saturdays and Sundays, it's pretty dead. You can nurse your drink, and no one's going to bother you."

—Boris Kachka, contributing editor, books

about almost any topic for three minutes at a cocktail party. After those three minutes, I'm out." *—Ian Mohr, deputy editor of "Page Six"*

HOW TO BREAK THE FOURTH WALL: "If you hear an argument and you're positive of the correct answer, the appropriate time to break in is once someone has fully committed to being incredibly wrong and is really arguing their point. I'll wait for a pause and then cut in playfully with questions about the wrong answer—like, 'Oh, really, when did that restaurant close? Have you been there in the past couple months? Did you know there's another restaurant with a similar name that closed, too?'—until it becomes obvious that it's wrong. Then, you back away like, *My job is done here, carry on.*" *—Brad Gallagher, owner and bartender at the Freehold*

AS TOLD TO LAUREN SCHWARTZBERG

THE FUTURE

An App for Me Time

The start-up Breather lets you dip into private spaces for as little as 30 minutes. I gave it a shot.

BY JASON FEIFER

I'VE BEEN ON this couch for about five minutes, not moving. Ever since my son was born on May 28, I have been on call. Not now, I remind myself, because I have literally purchased alone time for myself.

I put my feet up on the coffee table. Should I manspread? I manspread. Nobody is coming in.

I arranged this room through Breather, a company with private work spaces around Manhattan that are bookable through its app. After securing 30 minutes for $13.50 in a tower near Rockefeller Center, I just showed my ID and gave my phone number to the doorman. Then I was off to room 704. The app might seem like the ultimate quickie-hookup tool—less sketchy and just as no-tell as a motel!—but the room is maybe 20 by 20 feet, with a couch, a chair, a table, and a tub of Tootsie Rolls. And there's a Breather employee outside. Sex here would have to be quiet—and, I guess, on this couch.

I breathe deeply. I eat a Tootsie Roll. They don't taste any better when you're bored. Doing nothing, I conclude, is not the same as briefly having nothing to do. It's been 30 minutes. But I don't move. Another minute passes. Then two, then three. I close my eyes. Now, this is satisfying—not buying free time but feeling like you're stealing it. Then the Breather employee knocks. Time is up.

(continued from page 63)
participate. If I were not alone, I'd be in conversation with my companion. The street would then become context—the situation, if you will—our exchange the story. Alone, the world around me is both the situation and the story.
—Vivian Gornick, author of The Odd Woman and the City

Seeing a Movie Alone

LIKE ALL MEN OVER 40, I am a nostalgist. This is the eternal rule. Every middle-aged guy's the poet laureate of whatever he feels he might lose. Buying the ticket, buying the popcorn; grabbing a seat far and close enough to be isolated from—and yet feel a kind of body unity with—everybody. That's a solo movie visit, where I get romanced by the anachronism.

It is archaic. A crowd forms, seeking entertainment; that little curl of ticket in your palm; even the meat-space reality of the theater—all signifiers of nostalgia: I am going to a movie. Waiting in line, you might as well be a milk crate packed with LPs.

Maybe the romantic part derives from being alone. Alone is key. You know how Sinatra makes being dumped a decisive expression of the stylish adult? Alone is cool. Alone is how we start and what we return to. The same frizzle in adolescence would have marked you as a pariah. Enjoying *Johnny Guitar* at Film Forum; a BAM showing of *The Hustler*. The movie should be a real oldie; *Le Mépris* at Film Forum. (Actually, these all would be best at Film Forum.) That is to say the film should give a view of a tarnished world. Which will add to your sense of being a bit tarnished yourself. A small theater is good, not too full—that sense of obsessives cherishing their obsessions. And you should be over 40. Being over 40, I think, helps your eyes follow the bright projected beam of wistfulness all the way to the story it's trying to tell.
—Darin Strauss, author of Half a Life

CLIMBING THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING ALONE

"A lot of people don't know this, but the Empire State Building is open until 2 a.m. The last elevator leaves at 1:15. If you go up then, it's empty, it's beautiful, and the city sounds like the ocean."
—Zach Woods, actor and comedian

Sitting in the Library Alone

ALL THE LIBRARIES I've tried to work in have been busts. But the library at the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the City of New York, two blocks north of the NYPL, is different—a stunning clutter of blueprints, schematics, how-to manuals, and industrial lore (its oldest holding is the Society's first annual report, from 1785), crammed onto balconies above the best reading (and writing) room in town. It's mostly empty, or, due to its vocational mandate, mostly empty of other young ambitious humanists typing up their memoirs on brightly polished Apples. I come for the
(continued on page 66)

WHERE CHEFS EAT ALONE

KEVIN ADEY, *Faro*: "Mad for Chicken in Koreatown has these TVs that play regular color movies in black and white through these cutout portholes with no sound; you're totally in bizarro-land. I'm pretty sure *Reservoir Dogs* was playing last time I was there. I remember being completely enthralled by it." COREY COVA, *founding chef, Dough Loco*: "When I just want to put my head down and order, I'll go to Xi'an Famous Foods. You can sit facing a wall and don't have to see or talk to anyone. And then I can go to Chinatown Ice Cream Factory right next door for dessert and do the same thing." JONATHAN WU, *Fung Tu*: "Okonomi has only 12 seats, so as a single diner, you have a better chance of getting in. I like to watch the action of them cooking; it's actually something to do. If you were at a table in a dining room, you're stuck looking at your phone or a book, but because the cooks

OUR CRITIC

Where to Eat Alone

Just me and my madeleines.

BY ADAM PLATT

When you want to strike up a conversation with the poet sitting next to you.

ROBERTA'S *261 Moore St., nr. Bogart St., Bushwick 718-417-1118*
The bar is tiny, which makes it difficult to devour your meat-laden Beastmaster pizza pie in perfect solitude. But if it's antic, cutting-edge chatter you're after, the unobtrusively communal, picnic-style tables of this first-class restaurant are reliably filled at lunchtimes and dinners with poets, performance artists, and chatty graffiti masters from Bushwick, Manhattan, and various points around the globe.

When you don't want to strike up a conversation with the poet sitting next to you.

SUSHI YASUDA *204 E. 43rd St., nr. Third Ave.; 212-972-1001 (or any of the city's grand sushi bars, really)*
Sure, poets enjoy sushi like the rest of us, but not at these prices. Sushi is also the quietest, most monastic of disciplines, and when the room fills up with Japanese salarymen in their identical gray suits, you feel like you've just landed in Tokyo, which, along with New York, is the other great world capital of dining alone.

When you don't want to run into anyone you know.

SHOPSIN'S *120 Essex St., nr. Rivington St.; no phone*
Chances are your friends have already visited this famous Lower East Side breakfast destination, and if Kenny yelled at them (which he probably did), chances are they're not coming back. If they do happen to return to commune with the inspired short-order menu (the short-rib huevos rancheros; the fluffy pancakes; the majestic, bacon-bombed "Sneaky Pete"), Kenny will still be raving away in the kitchen, so they won't dare talk to you anyway.

When you want to drink yourself into a quiet stupor.

BEMELMANS BAR *35 E. 76th St., at Madison Ave.; 212-744-1600*
The afternoon is always the best time for a solitary booze-up in the big city, and at this famous Upper East Side oasis, the waiters are discreet, the old classic cocktails are well made (the daiquiri, the stinger), and it's way more fun to gaze at the famous murals on the wall than at your damn iPhone. Also, at precisely 5:30 p.m., the piano player arrives, making the joint more or less uninhabitable and reminding you that you've had enough to drink.

When you want to read Proust.

LA GRENOUILLE *3 E. 52nd St., nr. Fifth Ave.; 212-752-1495*
Ask for a quiet table in the back, away from the chattering big-hair regulars in the front room. Order the pike quenelles or the sole grillée, take a sniff of the fresh roses and maybe a sip of Champagne, and then crack your book. The madeleines will be along at the end of your contemplative, civilized meal, baked fresh, the way the master preferred them, and served on a gold tray.

When you want to read the *Post*.

DONOHUE'S STEAK HOUSE *845 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. 212-744-0938*
At lunchtime, of course, preferably at the bar, and with the excellent house cheeseburger in front of you. Bernie Madoff was a regular at this old Lexington Avenue institution, and (as the *Post* reported) the art collector Robert Ellsworth ate there so often (much of the time, we're guessing, alone with the paper) that he left each of his two favorite waitresses $50,000 in his will.

are right in front of the diners, there's that intimacy and you can talk to the staff." EMMA BENGTSSON, *Aquavit*: "I have a little place, Settepani, around the corner from where I live in Harlem; it's nothing special, nothing fancy, but good solid food, and they have live jazz playing, so you can sit outside by Lenox Avenue and have that built-in entertainment. I always felt welcome—there seem to be a lot of solo diners when I'm there, single people who are just enjoying their day off." AS TOLD TO MARY JANE WEEDMAN

THE STUNT

Table-for-One Test

We forced a set of extremely joined-at-the-hip 31-year-old twins to dine separately.

AS TOLD TO MONICA KIM

KIRK MUELLER
"I was filled with an overwhelming sense of terror."

NATE MUELLER
"I felt like there was a spotlight on me."

WE HAVE NEVER gone out to eat alone. Never. There was a lot of mental buildup: "You're just going to get ramen, you've done this a hundred times." But I was filled with an overwhelming sense of terror.

I went around the corner to Chuko on Vanderbilt Avenue. The place was completely full, so I sat at the bar; I don't think I would like sitting alone at a table, which feels very much like you're waiting for someone else to come. I asked for a kimchee ramen with chicken, and as I sat there waiting for my food to come, I realized I had to entertain myself. So I took out my phone and started skimming an article until it struck me that it looks weird to be alone at the bar on your phone; it felt like people were watching me. So I put the phone away and started people-watching myself, focusing on all these minute details. I made up stories about the people I saw eating, and I'd look at people on dates and watch their micro-expressions, the way they laughed at jokes. (*Is one person more into it than the other?*) It was fun, and I ended up staying for about 45 minutes.

When the check came, I realized that nobody was judging me for eating ramen alone. Everyone's wrapped up in their own lives. And I actually enjoyed being in the moment and noticing things I had never noticed before. I definitely would like to do it again—maybe a couple of times a year.

GOING IN, I was afraid of three things: Having a panic attack, fainting, and filling the time.

I went on a weekday around 7 p.m. to Franny's, which is around the corner from us. It was filling up with people, and I was able to grab the last seat at the bar. I ordered a Negroni, quickly drank that, and then switched to wine. The bartender was really sweet, and we were chatting about drinks, but I felt that he was like, *Oh, so sad, this person alone at the bar, I have to talk to him.*

I ordered the zucchini penne and took out my phone and started checking email. Because I don't have any experience being alone, I applied my usual social cues and thought, *I'm being rude, I'm not talking to anyone else.* So I got off my phone and started looking around before settling on a man and a woman on a date. I was sitting in earshot, and the thing that struck me was that the guy only talked about himself. He didn't ask his date a single question. I just thought, *This poor woman on a date with him.*

I tend to eat fast, but eating alone, I ate much slower. That was the best part: I focused on my food only because I had nothing else to focus on. Kirk said that he ended up feeling invisible, but I felt like there was a spotlight on me. At least I didn't have a panic attack. It was like cow stomach; it looks appealing from afar, but then you try it once and say no thanks.

PHOTOGRAPHS: INSTITUTE FOR NEW YORK MAGAZINE. SPECIAL THANKS TO ZIEGFELD THEATER/BOW TIE CINEMAS; THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART; NIGHTHAWKS NYC. ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY.

THE PAST

Living Alone Like It's 1936

I consulted a vintage advice book.

BY ALLISON P. DAVIS

I'VE LIVED ALONE for about four years, but it took waking up on my couch, the TV on, and a chocolate bar melting under my leg to realize this is the wrong way to be your own roommate.

The right way, I figured, looked something like the advice in Marjorie Hillis's 1936 advice book, *Live Alone and Like It.* Don't wallow in despair because you have to live alone, Hillis advises women who have obviously never lived with four people in Bushwick. Live like an aristocrat.

And so, for one month, I followed Hillis's instructions: I cooked myself elaborate dinners while wearing a luxurious robe (eggplant Parm in a vintage kimono), slept in a "luscious, pink satin nightgown" and doused in "fragrant toilet water," and woke up to have breakfast in bed with the paper and a cigarette. Most of this felt ridiculous.

But one piece of advice on living alone (and liking it!) has stuck: Avoid being alone too much. Hillis recommends leaving your Private Idaho with semi-regularity—in my case, fighting the urge to eat chocolate in solitude—and socializing with a large and lively group of friends. Which I've done. And I've found I appreciate them so much more because I can go back to my apartment without them.

THE STRATEGIST READER: SPENDING TIME ALONE

RECORD SHOPPING ALONE

"Rough Trade records in Williamsburg is usually a ghost town after nine pretty much any night of the week—and it's open until eleven, which I don't think people realize. It's easy to lose track of time while you're browsing, and wandering the aisles is like flipping through the rotator on Pitchfork's homepage, but better exercise. In one corner, they have synthesizers and guitar pedals you can play around with."

—Lane Brown, culture editor

(continued from page 64)
solitude and stay concentrated by the hard-backed chairs, the unstable tables, the erratic HVAC, and the paradox. Which is to say this temple to the technical has no outlets for those Apples—just a ragged gray extension cord that occasionally appears, like a snake in Eden, from under a shelf against the western wall. On a recent morning I was the only person there; even the librarian left, for a moment. When she came back, she asked, "Anything happen?" "Nothing," I said. "Just how I like it," she said.

—Joshua Cohen, author of Book of Numbers

Going to Coney Island Alone

AS A CHILD, I always wanted to stay at Coney Island after dusk. I designed a roller coaster in which riders would sit backward, never seeing their destination. Now nobody has time to join me on spontaneous trips to Luna Park at unpopular times. Once, I forced a reluctant boyfriend to ride the Cyclone with me, silently convinced that the disagreement encapsulated our sex life. I might have been right. So it has become a solitary ritual. I always linger there, savoring the ocean air mixed with the scents of fried clams and asphalt, the eeriness of a nearly deserted carnival on a drab weekday, an atmosphere that practically impersonates memory. On such an afternoon, I once stood by the Electro Spin, a giant pendulum with a rotating circular platform, watching as they ran the ride without any passengers at all.

—James Hannaham, author of Delicious Foods

Riding the Staten Island Ferry Alone

I WOULD SAY the Staten Island Ferry is my city's greatest pleasure. We live a daily island life in Manhattan. But you actually have to get off the island to see it. I've ridden the ferry occasionally and inexorably since my 20s. When I was a kid and I couldn't sleep, I'd walk to the bottom of the island, get on the ferry, smoke, look pensively at the water like Hart Crane, then just take the next ferry home. And always there's the Statue in this intimate way. In this private, nonpatriotic, cigarlike way. It's just not a glamorous boat at all, so it's how New York makes its connection with the rest of the world. The Circle Line goes around and around, but the people on the Staten Island Ferry are actually going to work. Which underlines my leisure. I don't have to go to another city. I can waste my time on the water right here. Being on the water is an animal thing, and that a great city continues to have a common and available appendage to its waters means New York remains cool, grotty, and plebeian. Which is exactly this poet's studio or anyone's dream. The utter nonutility of a relationship to the ferry and these waters is what's really, really good.

—Eileen Myles, author of I Must Be Living Twice: New and Selected Poems *(September 2015)*

WANDERING THROUGH A STORE ALONE

"If the weather's bad—I've come to absolutely worship bad weather because of the way it scrambles the crowds—I'll spend an afternoon wandering through the showrooms at the Ralph Lauren home store at 888 Madison. They're done up like real rooms. I just love seeing how they create these complete environments—they'll set up a room as a bedroom and treat the window that was already there with curtains. If it's meant to be a man's study, they'll put in a mantel, a fireplace. It's a movie-set mentality, where the designers make everything as real as possible."

—Wendy Goodman, design editor

WHERE PARENTS GO TO BE ALONE

QUEENS ZOO IN FLUSHING MEADOWS–CORONA PARK: "On a weekday morning when the kids are in school and the weather is raw, I am often the only one there. It's just me and the animals. I'll voice my worries to them." *—Marc Palmieri, Bayside* SHEET-MUSIC SECTION IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS: "I'm forced to be quiet and focus on the thing I love: music. I sit between the bookshelves, and nobody is there. Even if you do make eye contact with someone, only a smile is exchanged. It's like a beautiful, quiet dance." *—Salina Sias, Fort Greene* PATH BETWEEN THE LONG MEADOW BALLFIELDS AND THE NETHERMEAD IN PROSPECT PARK: "I go to this rock along the path in front of a waterfall that's the perfect fit for my butt! It's right up against a fence, so I can recline. You can't see any buildings, and you can't hear any cars." *—Lauren Jost, Park Slope* CHINESE SCHOLAR'S GARDEN, SNUG HARBOR: "Here, you're not in New York anymore; you're in China. My family and I started going there because of their Chinese New Year celebrations, but then I realized if I went during the week, there's just nobody there." *—Sam Moon Rafferty, Staten Island* THE DENTIST: "I've always had incredible dental anxiety, but now, given how crazy my kids make me, I look forward to going. It's a period of time when no one can bother me. And there are drugs—legal drugs!" *—Jodi Goldman, Riverdale* AS TOLD TO RAVEN SNOOK

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY *Marcus Jones, Rebecca Milzoff, and Katy Schneider.*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

move in before it's trendy. out before the strollers.

hydratethehustle™

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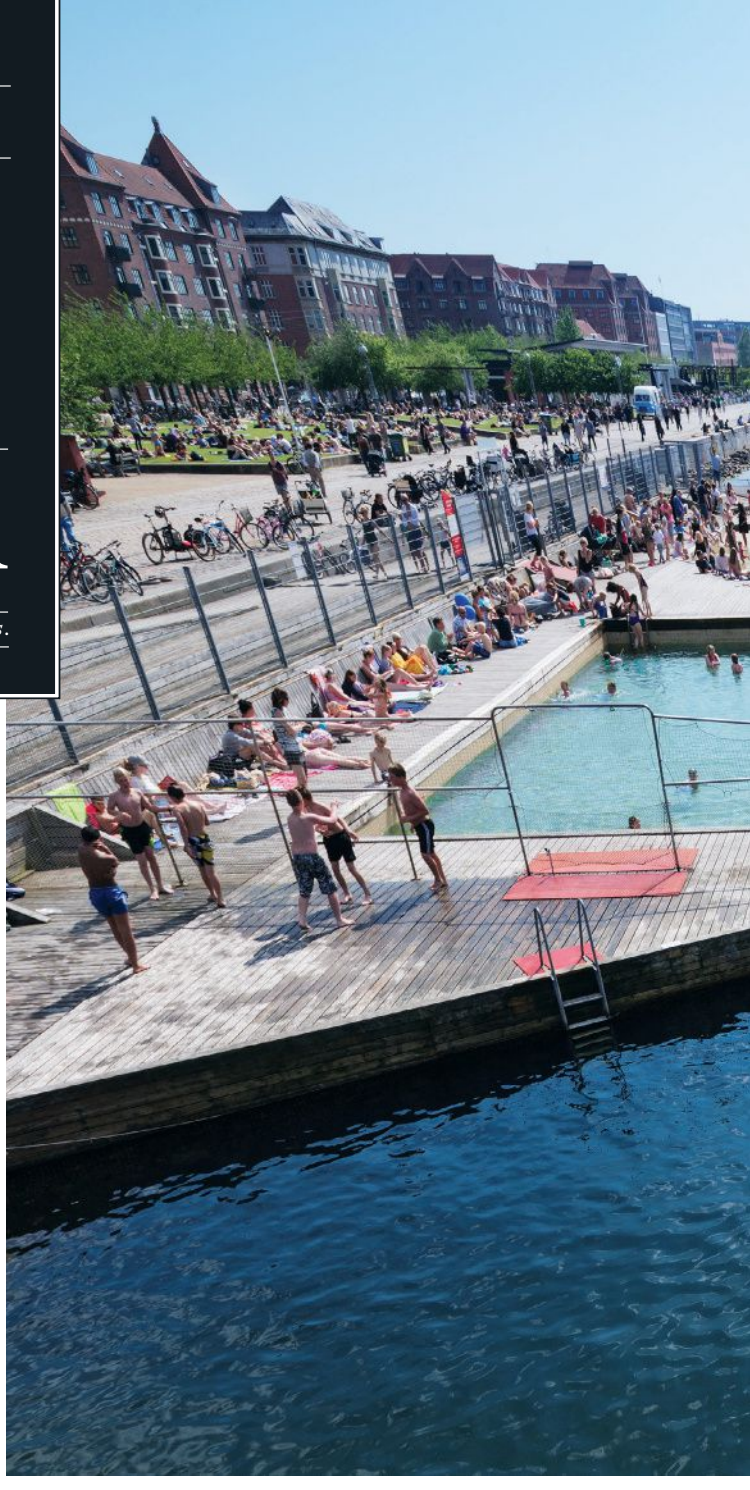
THE URBANIST'S

Copenhagen

BEACH KALE, GRAVEYARD PICNICS, FLOATING INDIE-POP CONCERTS.



SPLASHING AROUND IN THE BAD/ COPENHAGEN HARBOUR BATH.

BEING NAMED the happiest nation on Earth, as Denmark was by the World Happiness Reports in both 2012 and 2013, doesn't mean this sunny southern Scandinavian country is immune to problems: It's only now starting to recover from the 2008 economic crisis, and the nation's ascendant right-wing party is calling for strict anti-immigration policies. And no one has forgotten the city's February shooting attacks on a synagogue and a free-speech event at a café. But the good news for visitors is that much of what's contributed to the Danes' general sense of well-being—abundant public parks, a gold-standard cycling infrastructure, a predilection for prioritizing *hygge,* a particularly Danish kind of coziness—is available to them too. And the cost of entry has rarely been kinder: Exchange rates for us *Borgen* binge-watchers haven't been this favorable since 2003. Even the city's notoriously expensive food scene has given way to a slew of restaurants at pretty much every price point, competing to feed the new wave of gastro-tourists. And for about $100 per night, the average Airbnb here looks like a mid-century-modern Pinterest board, to say nothing of the relentlessly well-dressed populace, whom you'll find partying on bike-commuter bridges and piloting boats to semi-secret concerts in the harbor. VALERIE RAINS

01 SO, MEET YOU AT THE SPOTTED PIG, THEN FOR A DRINK AT THE STANDARD?

A confusing thing: Copenhagen is filled with bars and restaurants that share their names with sceney downtown New York spots. (No affiliations.) Here's how to tell them apart.

THEIR STANDARD vs. Our Standard
There's no hotel atop this converted 1930s custom house *(Havnegade 44; thestandardcph.dk)* on the waterfront, co-helmed by Noma's Claus Meyer—just three great restaurants (Almanak, Verandah, and the Michelin-starred Studio) and a jazz club with free late-night performances on summer weekends and daily shows during Copenhagen's ten-day Jazz Festival in July.

THEIR SPOTTED PIG vs. Our Spotted Pig
Okay, this one's called *Den Plettede Gris* (the Spotted Pig in Danish). Designer Henrik Vibskov's colorful year-old coffee shop *(Trangravsvej 5)* on Paper Island, a former industrial paper-storage facility, serves up coffee, ice cream, wine, and beer (ask for Mikkeller's elderflower pilsner, Shark Pig, brewed especially for the café)—but there's nary a burger or shepherd's pie to be found.

THEIR JANE vs. Our Jane
Scene-scanning sightlines are supplanted by a maze of nooks and crannies in Copenhagen's basement-level speakeasy *(Gråbrødretorv 8; thejane.dk)*. The space is decorated with leather banquettes, library walls, and a fireplace; there's also a cigar lounge and a secret door where you'll find a dance floor and DJ booth.

THEIR MEATPACKING DISTRICT vs. Our Meatpacking District
Less high-end shopping, more parking-lot partying. In this mixed-use district ("Kødbyen" in Danish), restaurants, bars, and galleries co-exist with creative professionals' offices and a few remaining food-production facilities, giving the place a looser, less chichi feeling. The latest addition: a new weekend food market that launched in April.

THEIR IL BUCO vs. Our Il Buco
A ramshackle vibe prevails at this by-reservation-only Tuesday-night supper club *(Njalsgade 19c; ilbuco.dk)* in a converted warehouse in the Islands Brygge area. Guests gather around communal tables for multicourse, family-style Italian meals, occasionally to a soundtrack of live jazz. (As in New York, this Il Buco runs an on-site alimentari for groceries and takeaway items.)

Photograph by Iwan Baan

The Noma Effect

Local eaters on three other coveted reservations … and where to go when you can't get in.

THE EXPERT	THE HOT TICKET	THE EASIER OPTION
RASMUS SHEPHERD-LOMBORG, co-owner of bars Ruby and Lidkoeb, on where to find a **multicourse tasting menu.**	**Stedsans på Østergro,** *Æbeløgade 4; cleansimplelocal.com* "It's almost harder to get a seat at this rooftop restaurant in Østerbro, opened in May, than at Noma. It's got great locally sourced produce, like organic baby carrots from Kiselgaarden, which they serve with basil and buckwheat, and a magical setting in a greenhouse."	**Amass,** *Refshalevej 153; +45 43 58 4330* "The food is nothing less than inspirational: Imagine a concoction of beach kale, chicken-and-almond broth, chewy egg yolk, and scurvy grass seeds. Even if their website tells you they're booked, go anyway: If possible, they'll seat you in barstools by the window—maybe the best seats in the house."
EDITH DOMSCHY, social-media manager of Urban House Hotel, on where to find a **hoppin' Italian feast.**	**Neighbourhood,** *Istedgade 27; +45 32 12 2212* "An inventive, organic pizza joint—think extra-thin crusts topped with hake and potatoes in spicy salami sauce—with a cocktail program designed by a Ruby alum, Neighbourhood has fast become one of the most popular spots in town. If it was difficult to get a table right after it opened, try now that it has won the city prize for Best New Restaurant in Copenhagen."	**Mother,** *Høkerboderne 9-15; +45 22 27 5898* "Mother is like the Italian mother you never had: full of Italian goodies and ready to feed you at any time. It's more traditional than Neighbourhood, but the food is close to perfection, with daily specials like tagliata di vitello (roasted veal cooked with salt, pepper, vinegar, and lemon) and grilled salmon with mint and chile-marinated courgettes."
DAN HUSTED, co-founder of the restaurants Paté Paté and Bellevue Strand & Grill and Copenhagen Street Food–The Paper Island, on where to find a **festive lunch.**	**Restaurant Schønnemann,** *Hauser Plads 16; +45 33 12 0785* "An institution, this nostalgic, lunch-only spot in a cellar-floor oak-paneled room serves up more than 100 varieties of our signature open-face sandwiches—and 140 kinds of aquavit. It's classic smørrebrød—but with a twist—from some of the top chefs in Denmark."	**Ved Stranden 10,** *Ved Stranden 10; +45 35 42 4040* "If Schønnemann is packed, walk ten minutes to this neighborhood-y spot that does an informal, exciting lunch—the menu always changes—with great natural wines. Also: Monday nights, when most kitchens take the day off, you can get the one-pot meal prepared by a guest chef."

03

TALKING POINTS

Want to rile a Dane? Broach one of these contentious topics.

Immigration Reform

Denmark's just-elected center-right government has reignited the long-standing debate over immigration and welfare policies with its push for new border controls and drastic cuts to benefits for asylum-seekers—rankling the EU along with many left-leaning citizens. The Danish People's Party claims that both measures are necessary for safeguarding Denmark's economic recovery (and, more questionably, its national identity).

Ryanair vs. Mayor Frank Jensen

Because of the airline's allegedly shady labor practices, the mayor has banned all municipal employees from using the carrier for work trips, and the airline has relocated its Copenhagen plane and crew to Lithuania. Locals are watching as the standoff plays out on Twitter, complete with lowbrow Photoshop gags.

Bycyklen

Copenhagen's bike-share program was threatened with dissolution in April—few people were using it, and GoBike Danmark delivered only 424 of the promised 1,860 bikes. But by June, new stations were announced and plans were made to deliver the remaining bikes by October. With its projected cost of $13 million, there's sure to be an uproar if usage remains lackluster.

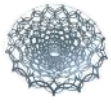
04

BRING BACK A SOFA

Christian Holmsted Olesen, head of exhibitions and collections at Designmuseum Danmark, picks out wares from exciting contemporary Danish designers, all of whom are involved in the museum's "MindCraft15" exhibition (September 18 to January 31).

GAMFRATESI HAIKU SOFA

"This sofa, by the Italian and Danish duo of Enrico Fratesi and Stine Gam, reinterprets traditional Danish organic furniture shapes that go back to Finn Juhl's pieces from the '50s." *From $5,238; Fredericia Showroom, Frederiksborggade 22.*



LOUISE CAMPBELL VERY ROUND CHAIR

"This bowl-shaped chair presents an interesting contrast between a thoroughly industrial approach to production and materials and an end result that is very ornamental." *$4,358; Paustian, Kalkbrænderiløbskaj 2.*

CLAYDIES GRASS VASE FOR NORMANN COPENHAGEN

"Tine Broksø and Karen Kjældgård-Larsen's vases make flowers bloom between ceramic blades." *From $45; Normann Copenhagen, Østerbrogade 70.*

EVERYDAY OBJECTS FOR HAY KITCHEN TOOLS

"Designed by Line Depping and Jakob Jørgensen for Hay, these simple beechwood tools build on centuries of Danish tradition." *From $7.50; Hay House, Østergade 61.*

HENRIK VIBSKOV IB SHIRT

"Vibskov dabbles in many art forms, but he is most famous for his fashion line. Everything he makes shows his playful approach to patterns and shapes." *$361; Henrik Vibskov, Krystalgade 6.*

PHOTOGRAPHS: IWAN BAAN (SUPERKILEN); DPA PICTURE ALLIANCE/ALAMY (JÆGERSBORG DYREHAVE); MYLOUPE/GETTY IMAGES (ROSENBORG CASTLE); COURTESY OF THE VENDORS (REMAINING)

05

GoBoat

Superkilen's Black Market

Picnic on a Boat. Or With 2,000 Deer.

Where to spread out a blanket, and the dishes to pick up on the way, according to Copenhagen Cooking festival director Lonnie Svarre Hansen.

NEAR A CASTLE

Kongens Have *(Øster Voldgade)*
Spend a semi-soused summer afternoon at the city's oldest park, on the grounds of the moated, 17th-century Rosenborg Castle. Claim your spot in the shade of the Mikkel Kjærgård Christiansen and Jesper Kort Andersen–designed Around Pavilion, a Nordic-pine pop-up events space that's up through the end of August.
FILL YOUR BASKET: "Just a few blocks away, Torvehallerne market has everything you need: Arla Unika *(Frederiksborggade 21)* for cheeses like bog myrtle and Fiskerikajen *(Frederiksborggade 21)* for traditional Jutland fish cakes made with pig lard."

IN A TRIPPY PARK

Superkilen *(Nørrebroparken)*
Divided into three sections—the Red Square, the Black Market, and the Green Park—the highly conceptual tract designed by Copenhagen art crew Superflex features a hilly cycling track painted with swerving stripes and an octopus-shaped playground slide modeled after one in a Tokyo suburb.
FILL YOUR BASKET: "Det Eksotiske Hjørne, which translates to 'the Exotic Corner' *(Jagtvej 127)*, is a short walk and really stands out among Copenhagen's countless sandwich and salad places. Get the hummus and some tzatziki to go."

NEXT TO KIERKEGAARD

Assistens Cemetery *(Kapelvej 4)*
The lush, stately 18th-century graveyard is the final resting place for some of the country's most famous names and has become a popular venue for less spiritual activities: chatting with friends, cycling along tree-shaded paths, and sunbathing topless.
FILL YOUR BASKET: "Ahaaa, the Arabic Food House *(Blågårdsgade 21)*, has Copenhagen's best falafels. And don't miss a stop at the nearby Mikkeller & Friends bottle shop *(Stefansgade 35)*; try Spontan Cherry Frederiksdal, made from cherries grown on the Danish island Lolland."

AT SEA

GoBoat *(Islands Brygge 10; $59 per hour)*
It's hard to imagine this flying elsewhere, but here anyone over 18 can rent and pilot one of GoBoat's solar-powered, eight-seater boats designed specifically for picnicking in the harbor (there's even a table built into the center of each craft). And starting this summer, you can drop anchor alongside your fellow boaters for floating midweek indie-pop and classical concerts ($29 a person) in different nooks of the city's canals.
FILL YOUR BASKET: "Take the easy route and spring for a ready-made picnic kit from GoBoat's own dockside market (make sure to order 36 hours in advance), where they also sell beer and chilled bottles of white wine to go."

AMONG THE DEER

Jægersborg Dyrehave *(2930 Klampenborg)*
Locals in need of a nature fix find peace and quiet—and a population of more than 2,000 (more or less fearless) deer—at the 2,700-acre forest seven and a half miles north of Copenhagen (its name translates as "the Deer Park"). Presiding over the landscape is the Baroque hilltop Hermitage Palace, completed in 1736 as a hub for royal hunts.
FILL YOUR BASKET: "Madcooperativet *(at Copenhagen Central Station)*, where you can catch the train to the park, has really helped class up the station. Go to Meyer's Bakery there and get their signature Øland wheat bread, as well as some classic Danish rye."

06

Where the Locals Would Stay

"If you stay at an **Airbnb**, you'll get to be in neighborhoods that are cool but that still lack hotels—like Nørrebro, which has some really interesting architecture, shops, and cafés. This townhouse (from $140; airbnb.dk/rooms/439882) has three bedrooms and a backyard."
—KRISTINA NEEL JAKOBSEN, *project manager, Danish Architecture Centre*

"**Hotel Alexandra** (doubles from $119; hotelalexandra.dk) is the rare design hotel that feels authentic. Each room is decorated differently, with vintage Danish Modern furniture. And the location is great—right by the City Hall."
—SINE SCHMIDT, *co-founder of tour company Cph:cool*

"**The Central Hotel & Café** ($270; centralhotelogcafe.dk) sits on top of a tiny coffee shop and has only one room, which the owner decorated like a home, with lovely green leaf wallpaper. Breakfast is served down the street in the owner's café, Granola."
—ANNE BLACK, *creator of the lifestyle boutique Black*

Maite

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET

Empanadita Mamacita

Out in Bushwick, a Colombian expat cooks gnocchi, arepas, and every local, seasonal vegetable she can get.

BY ROBIN RAISFELD AND ROB PATRONITE

You can often detect a restaurant's DNA in its menu or décor—those formative influences from prior kitchens that shape the course of a chef's career. In the case of Maite (pronounced MY-tay), which opened this winter in Bushwick, the Underground Gourmet, working like a culinarily inclined Holmes and Watson, quickly determined that there was a certain familiar melding of Mediterranean flavors with a few Latin American accents and a mismatched, roughhewn rusticity to the room that evoked Noho institution Il Buco. And then there were the empanaditas: crisp-shelled and plump cornflour pockets served hot from the fryer but absent of grease. These little fritters, stuffed with a frequently changing meaty filling, are not the flaky wheat-flour empanadas that Uruguayan chef Ignacio Mattos once served at Il Buco but the Colombian-inspired renditions of Maite chef-partner Ella Schmidt, who, as it turns out, at one time worked under Mattos as a pastry and pasta cook (and chief empanada baker). Several years later, with more kitchen stints under her belt, Schmidt has forged her own cuisine at Maite, a place that feels both homey and new.

☆☆☆
Maite
159 Central Ave., at Suydam St., Bushwick
718-366-3090
maitebushwick.com

The restaurant occupies a corner space once home to the Polanco deli and still wears its weathered signage; inside, the lofty dining room benefits from some breezy cross-ventilation courtesy of broad windows that open to the street. The walls are clad with rough, unfinished wood, the painted-tin ceiling soars to at least double height, and the space is furnished with caged lightbulbs and rusty implements repurposed as beer taps and a somewhat menacing chandelier. With its farmhouse tables and chunky stools, there is an aspect of the finca to Maite—a ranch house on some South American pampa, where families gather for long, leisurely feasts. Culinary inspiration comes from several places, though: Italy, Schmidt's native Colombia, and Spain, where her mother has lived for decades (*Maite* is a girl's name, according to Schmidt, that means "beloved" in Basque).

On the surface, Maite seems firmly ensconced in the current Zeitgeist, and the salvaged décor is the least of it. The tall chalkboard menu lists the day's offerings in one unbroken stream, without categories. Plates come in somewhat arbitrary order and at random speeds (sometimes too random) and are meant to be shared. Terms like *farm-to-fork, seasonal,* and *local* are zinged about with the practiced dexterity of a major-league ball team warming up. There's even a burger with rib-eye trimmings. But nothing about the place seems phony or calculated, and the menu, limited as it is to a dozen or so dishes, manages to surprise even jaded locavores by focusing on the daily produce and inventive ways to integrate it.

Case in point: Burrata is a mainstay, but instead of finding it simply salted and oiled, or paired with tomato and basil, you encounter it strewn with fiddlehead ferns, or with multicolored fingerling potatoes and sautéed diced peaches. If it's tomatoes you're after, though, the chef carves some meaty shoulders off a few overgrown heirlooms, briefly grills them, and uses them to bolster a fried slab of goat cheese and a shower of sautéed corn.

Some dishes verge on giving the impression they were created in the manner of a cooking-show contestant challenged by a wacky Greenmarket mystery box of ingredients and a tight deadline. One night's salad combined soft lettuces and spicy mustard greens with raw peas, warm blackberries, and a dollop of sheep's-milk yogurt. On paper (or chalkboard), it sounded overly improvised and a little out there; on the plate, it made sense and proved to be a satisfying contrast of textures and temperatures.

There are usually two pastas, and on our visits, they were always gnocchi and ravioli or some variation thereof. The former are soft orbs, more like gnudi or filled dumplings, typically stuffed with mild

"U.G." STAR SYSTEM: ☆☆☆☆☆ THE CATEGORICAL BEST; ☆☆☆☆ EXCELLENT; ☆☆☆ GENERALLY DELICIOUS; ☆☆ VERY GOOD; ☆ NOTEWORTHY

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIRZAH BROTT/NEW YORK MAGAZINE

cheese, festooned with lovage or squash blossoms, and floating in a buttery sauce. Chicken raviolini were equally rich and just as saucy, making their modest portion feel just right. Finish an order yourself and you won't have room for the coca, an oval-shaped Catalonian-style pizzetta that Schmidt smears with fennel purée or romesco where the tomato sauce might have gone, and tops with things like crumbled sausage and green garlic, or two kinds of cheese and summer truffle. The crust is medium-thin and dense, with the crunchy fortitude to stand up to the toppings.

There is always a fish, a steak, and a burger, but only the piscine preparations seem to vary: A recent filet of wild striped bass was moist and well cooked, enhanced by some nicely charred hunks of avocado. Similarly, a crispy-cheesy arepa sealed the deal on a salty, juicy, beefy boneless rib eye big enough for two. The burger is the sleeper hit—a robust patty made from chuck and steak trimmings mixed unconventionally with a little minced garlic, which didn't even bother the patty purists at our table. It's dressed with a tangy special sauce and aged mozzarella and topped with an egg. The crazy-genius part is that the egg isn't simply fried as you imagine it will be, but soft-boiled, lightly battered, deep-fried, then attached to the patty with a wooden skewer. The effect is like a deconstructed inside-out Scotch egg served on a squishy bun. Remove the skewer, cut into the runny yolk, smoosh everything together, and you're good to go.

The only dessert is a simple crème caramel, but it's all you need. Well, that plus a pot of stove-top espresso that perfumes the air before it arrives at your table. It would be hard to find more persuasive incentives for lingering or places to do it.

SCRATCHPAD

One star for the uncontrived locavore cooking. One for the benevolent service. One more for putting a soft-boiled, deep-fried egg on a burger.

BITES

IDEAL MEAL: Strawberry-rhubarb margarita, empanaditas, farmer's greens, gnocchi or raviolini. **NOTE:** The drinks list includes Colombian beer and cocktails showcasing Latin American spirits like aguardiente, mezcal, and Mexican-chile liqueur. **OPEN:** Tuesday to Sunday for dinner. **PRICES:** $5 to $38 (for the rib-eye steak).

THE DISH

Kakigori

New Orleans has its neon sno-balls, the Philippines its hodgepodge halo-halo, and Sicily its tart-lemon granita. In Japan, the dog days of summer are countered with kakigori, a mound of pulverized ice flavored with sweet syrups and accessorized with toppings like mochi and red beans. Kyoto confectionery Nakamuraken has developed a reputation for the dish and brings its thoroughly refreshing seasonal sweet to the U.S. for the first time with a five-day pop-up at Kokage by Kajitsu (1 to 4 p.m., July 29 through August 2). To celebrate its American debut, the shop will introduce a new flavor, rhubarb, as an alternative to the more traditional matcha, and serve both as part of a set, with sidecars of condensed milk and cups of green tea. R.R. & R.P.

On the menu at **Kokage by Kajitsu**, $10; 125 E. 39th St., nr. Lexington Ave.; 212-228-4873.

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

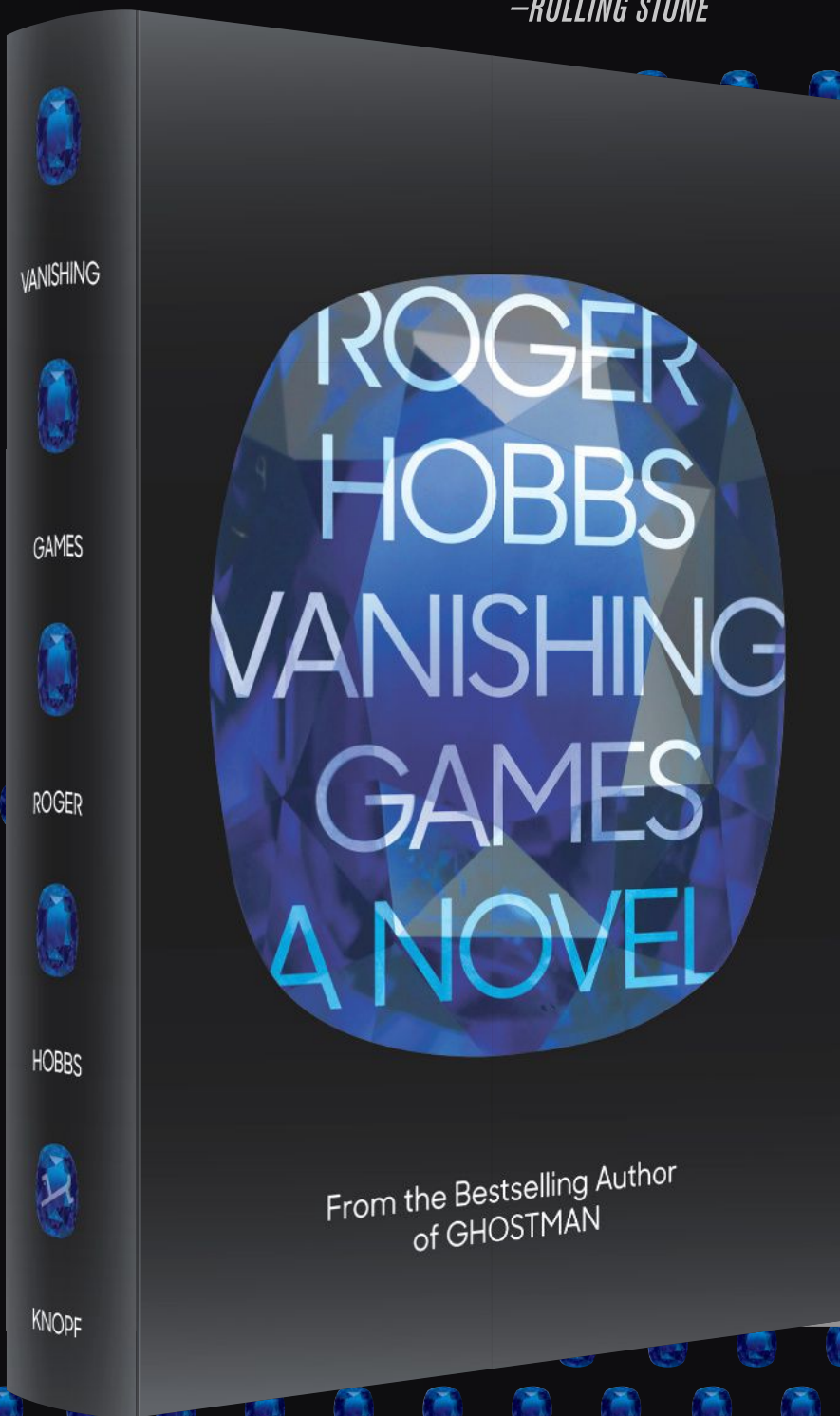
"FANTASTIC...

ANOTHER "PULSE-PUMPING HEIST THRILLER"
–ROLLING STONE

"SWIFT, STRONG, AND SMART AS HELL"
–SEATTLE TIMES

"A GIFTED CRIME WRITER"
–NEW YORK TIMES

"AMAZING"
–PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*, starred review



AN IRRESISTIBLE RIDE"

–PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, STARRED REVIEW

FROM THE BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF GHOSTMAN

A priceless treasure is stolen from a yacht on the South China Sea. Only one man stands a chance to get it back. A man with no name. No fingerprints. A man who can make anything disappear...except the woman who created him.

START READING ONE OF EW.COM'S "HOT READS" FOR THE SUMMER

Sabo knew he couldn't leave anything behind. Nothing could connect him to what happened here tonight. Powerful people would come looking for what he'd stolen. They might never stop looking. Some men would die of old age before giving up this search. Sabo knew they'd be relentless, but he also knew it was worth it. If he could get away, he'd have everything he ever wanted. He'd live in the luxurious fashion he'd always dreamed about. Sabo could leave no witnesses. No accomplices. No trace.

He'd have to vanish.

Sabo jumped back over to the yacht. He could see his whole future extending from that moment. He'd dump the bodies, then call the jugmarker and tell her the others had died in the firefight. He'd disable the yacht's radio and EPIRB so he couldn't be tracked. He'd sail to the nearest port, take out his treasure and sink the boat. His treasure was too heavy to travel with him. He'd have to stash it somewhere. The jugmarker would sell the sapphires, and once Sabo got his share he'd travel as far away as he could. He'd lie low in some remote corner of the world, for years if he had to, before coming back to claim what was his. But it was worth it. It would all be worth it.

Because from this moment on, Sabo Park was the richest man he'd ever known.

KNOPF ROGERHOBBS.COM

"LEAVES YOU BEAMING WITH JOY."

The New York Times

The New York Times Critic's Pick

The Absolute Brightness of Leonard Pelkey

One joyous life inspired so many more.

A New Play Written & Performed by James Lecesne

Directed by Tony Speciale

Original Music by Duncan Sheik

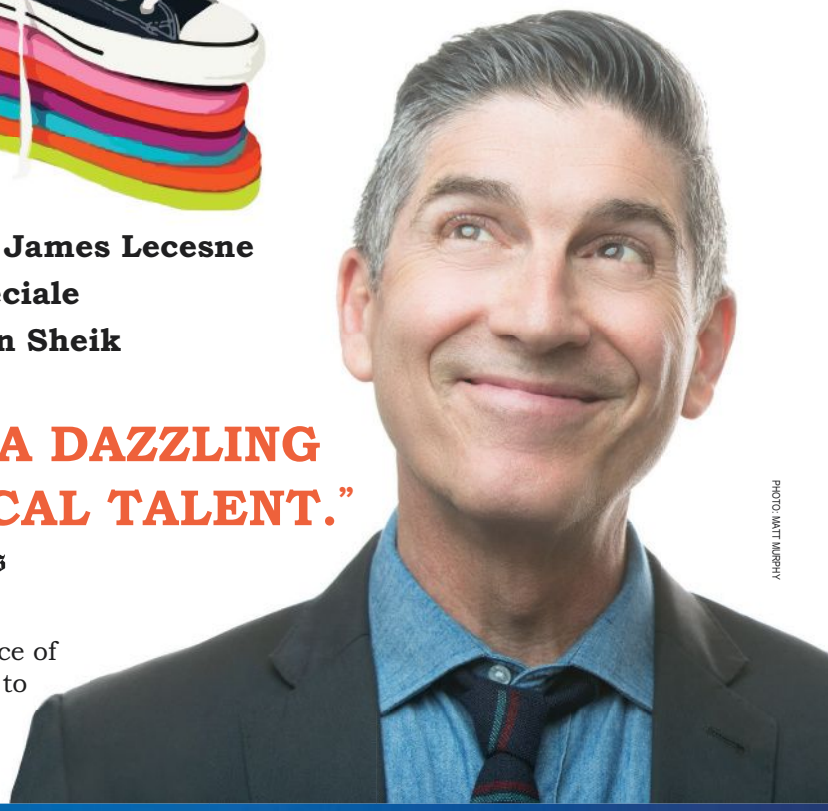


PHOTO: MATT MURPHY

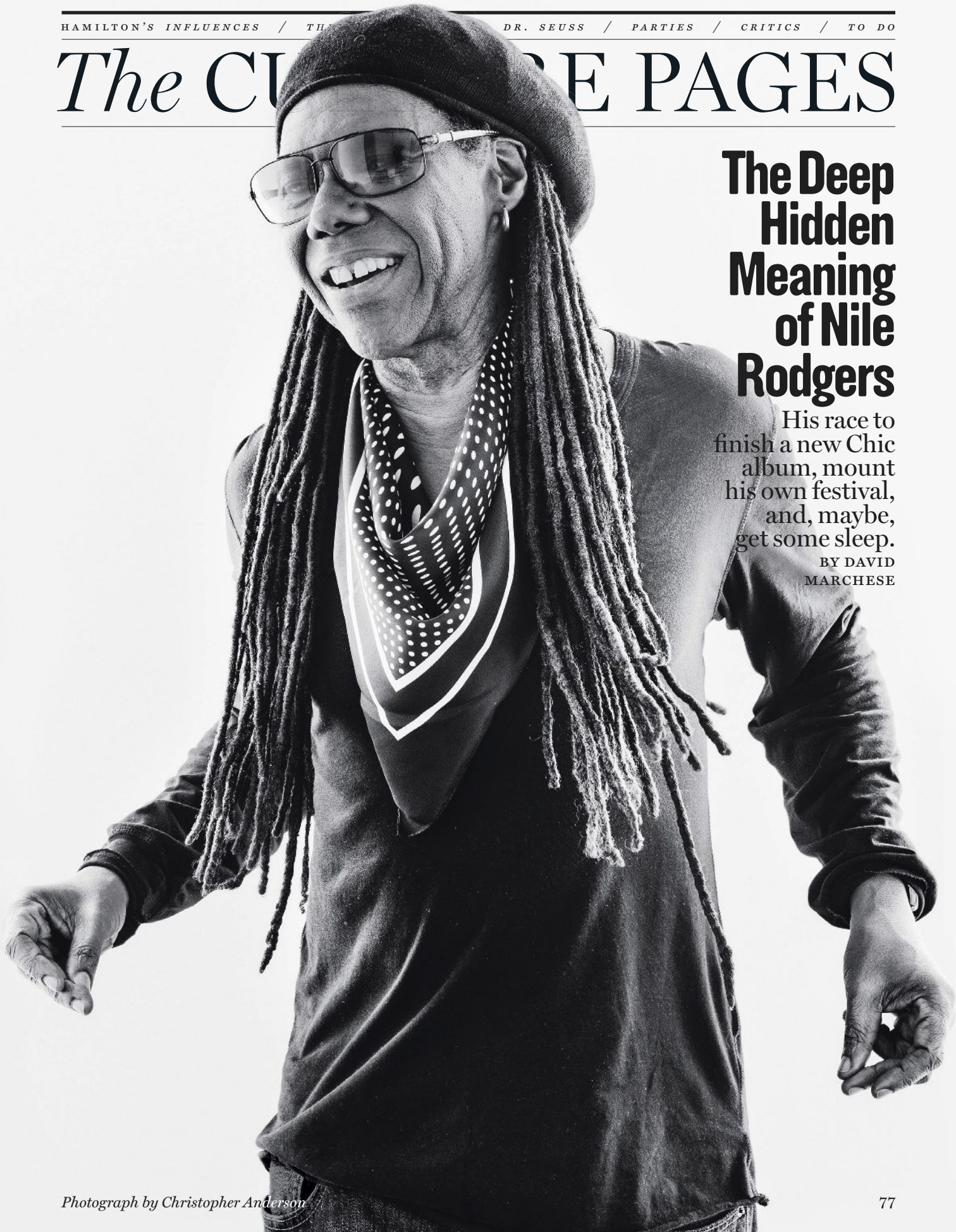
"JAMES LECESNE IS A DAZZLING BEACON OF THEATRICAL TALENT."

The New York Times

Absolute Brightness is about the disappearance of Leonard Pelkey, a 14-year-old boy who dared to be different, and the small New Jersey town that will never be the same without him.

TELECHARGE.COM 212-239-6200 ✶ WESTSIDE THEATRE 407 W. 43RD ST. ✶ AbsoluteBrightness.com

The CU…E PAGES



The Deep Hidden Meaning of Nile Rodgers

His race to finish a new Chic album, mount his own festival, and, maybe, get some sleep.

BY DAVID MARCHESE

Photograph by Christopher Anderson

Nile Rodgers had been up past midnight, producing for a lovely unsigned jazz singer named Nicole Henry. He wants to walk her into the offices of Blue Note Records, he says, with a song so catchy that the execs who normally listen to new music with their heads down will have to look up. So he kept working until 3:30 a.m., here at his home studio in Westport, Connecticut. Henry sang into the mike in his dining room, a keyboardist comped along beside her, and Rodgers played guitar. If his productions have a trademark, it's his jazzy, skittering guitar. Well, that and the fact that so many of them have been hits: 200 million albums sold. Fifty million singles. With his band Chic, there was "Le Freak," "Good Times," and a half-dozen other disco classics. Madonna's *Like a Virgin* and David Bowie's *Let's Dance*. Diana Ross's "I'm Coming Out" and Duran Duran's "Notorious." Daft Punk's "Get Lucky"—that last song proved that he still had juice, and when he sees crowds dancing to it, it reminds him, old hippie that he is, of "I Am the Walrus": "I am he as you are he as you are me / And we are all together."

But he can't say "Get Lucky" gave him any great takeaways. Hits don't have lessons. They just are; so he just keeps working. And he kept working last night, until the mid-July sun sparkled on the water that comes right up to the edge of this rambling, wooded property, and on through to 6:30 a.m., when he took a double dose of Ambien, tucked his dreads into a bandanna, pulled a sleep mask over his eyes, and called it a session.

At 9:26 a.m., the doorbell rings and he wakes up. There's so much to do. He has to work on *It's About Time,* the first Chic album since its last comeback album 24 years ago. (Rodgers is the only band member to play live on all the band's albums.) He's got to fly to Denver for a Chic gig. On August 4 and 5, he's hosting the FOLD Festival in Riverhead, Long Island—his friends Beck and Pharrell, among others, are playing—and he thinks ticket sales are a little soft. Then there are more Chic shows, mostly in Europe. He has 44,000 unread emails, and the music in his head never stops.

At 9:30 a.m., Nile Rodgers opens his front door. He's in a white bathrobe, his sleep mask pushed up on his forehead, his feet, with their blue-painted toenails, bare. "I forgot you were coming," he says in his low, smooth voice. "I'm going to have a hard time thinking straight this morning." He walks to his kitchen table, blue jays and squirrels visible in the big backyard through the window, an impressive array of herbal teas lined up on the kitchen shelves, and he takes a seat. He puts a skinny leg up on the table. "See this?" he says, pointing to a scab on his calf. "I thought it was a melanoma. Once you've had cancer, you become susceptible, so after six months I went and got it checked. It was benign."

He was diagnosed with aggressive prostate cancer in 2010, around the same time he handed in the first draft of his memoir, *Le Freak.* In broad, funky strokes: Born in New York City in 1952 and raised in Greenwich Village, child of addict parents, finds music, jams with Hendrix, helps invent disco with Chic, becomes an addict himself, sees Chic come to an end after disco goes bust, works with a staggering portion of the pop aristocracy, flatlines in an ER after a too-wild, but not uncommon, night, periodically reforms Chic as a live entity, gets clean, then ends his rollicking tale with the revelation that he's fallen ill. That last curveball, he says, wound up a bizarro boon. "My father died without leaving anything behind"—Nile Rodgers Sr. is buried in New York's potter's field—"so after I got sick I decided that I'm a musician and I'm going to go on a tear doing what I do best." (He's been cancer-free since 2013.) "It's been an endless stream of music, grooves, and gigs. I just can't stop." He gets up to retrieve his computer from his bedroom. Nicole Henry, in spandex, appears among the blue jays and squirrels on the back deck and starts doing tricep dips.

"After I got sick, I decided that I'm a musician, and I'm going to go on a tear doing what I do best."

When Rodgers returns, he's wearing a black T-shirt, black jeans, white running shoes, and sunglasses. "I've got to call Warner Bros. and tell them, 'Look, unfortunately you hired an artist and not just a guy who makes hits. There are things I have to prove with the new Chic music, to capture this beautiful gift of life. So I'm sorry I didn't do this on time and that on time.' I have to make an album that reflects where I'm at." Every Chic record—including the new one, the release date of which has been something of a moving target and which is the first made without Rodgers's old musical partner, bassist Bernard Edwards, who died in 1996—has a DHM, a deep hidden meaning. "The DHM of 'freak out' from 'Le Freak' was 'Fuck off'—we wrote it after a bouncer didn't let us into Studio 54. The Deep Hidden Meaning of *It's About Time* is a double entendre: It's about time for another Chic album and it's about *time*." He spins a water-bottle cap. "Originally, I was just going to use old Chic backing tracks that I found," he says. Instead, the album blends previously unused vintage material, featuring founding members like Edwards and drummer Tony Thompson, who died in 2003, and material recorded with new musicians. "The stuff I did with Disclosure, with Daft Punk, with Avicii was damn good," he says. "The music I'm making means something out there. So why would I live in the past?"

We leave the kitchen and walk by an indoor gym that's been outfitted with a turbulence pool and jukebox. Gold and platinum records line the stairwell. A small bedroom is full of recording gear—Rodgers has never married and has no kids. "When I was signed to Atlantic Records" in the '70s, he says, "you didn't have to have a hit to make a good living as a musician. Now there's Taylor Swift, and there's everybody else." Standing on the third-floor balcony, he points to a small speedboat tied to his dock. "I've had, like, 12 different boats over the years," he says. "I can just zip over to the Hamptons." He's owned this place since 1978, bought after Chic broke big.

Back downstairs for a three-bag cup of tea. "I've never learned from success," he says. "'Get Lucky' allowed me to get a record deal for the new Chic album, but I couldn't tell you how to make that song again. Things just line up right." He frowns. "As a producer, I help an artist make a record that I'd want to hear as a fan. But I had no idea 'Get Lucky' would be so huge. It's always up and down. The way you know you're good is if there are more ups than downs … Let me play you something." He finds a YouTube video for a creamy Al Jarreau ballad from 1986 called "Across the Midnight Sky." "*L Is for Lover* is the album," he says. "It's the best thing I ever made that didn't sell." He plays air guitar along with himself. "The theme from *Moonlighting* was on it, but Al and I thought it wasn't cool enough. So we took it off the album. That becomes a hit, and the album sank. Shows what I know."

His phone beeps. He has to work on the musical he's writing based on his memoir. He has to wrap up with Henry. He has to prep Chic for the FOLD Festival. He has to finish the album, and in a half-hour, musicians are arriving for a session. "Can I get you an Uber?" he asks politely. "I have to make some music." ■

PREVIOUS PAGE, MAGNUM PHOTOS. OPPOSITE PAGE, GAB ARCHIVE/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES

Chic in 1977. From left, Bernard Edwards, Norma Jean Wright, Nile Rodgers, and Tony Thompson.

INFLUENCES: LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

IN LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA'S musical *Hamilton* (which opens on Broadway on August 6 after a much-praised run this past winter at the Public Theater), the founding father emerges as an immigrant striver and Constitution architect, one who struggles with his own sense of ambition—and the odd duel—and does it while rapping and singing complex and historically accurate lyrics. Ron Chernow's biography was a key influence, but, as Miranda told us, far from the only one. REBECCA MILZOFF

Nº 1

'ALEXANDER HAMILTON,' BY RON CHERNOW

Obviously the whole thing starts at the now-defunct Borders at the Time Warner Center, where I picked up Chernow's *Hamilton* book. My girlfriend at the time, now wife, and I were going on my first vacation after [his 2008 musical] *In the Heights*, so I just wanted a big book to read on the beach. Ron's book seemed like a really interesting beach read, and it ended up changing my life. The first two songs are lifted directly from it; the opening number is basically the first two chapters of the book.

Nº 2

'FOUNDING BROTHERS' AND 'AMERICAN CREATION,' BY JOSEPH J. ELLIS

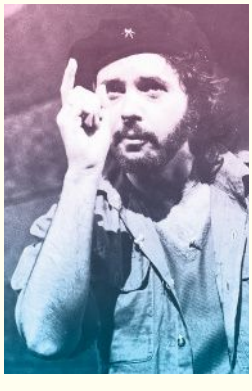
He does this thing where he just goes deep on an event. He circles the duel, he circles the farewell address—he throws everything at you on these certain events, and they were events I cover in my show.

Nº 3

DIRECTOR THOMAS KAIL'S MOM

She's a historical archivist in D.C., and she pulled up a ton of materials for me that I never would have gotten otherwise. With white gloves on, she showed me Hamilton's condolence letter to Martha Washington. And she made me sandwiches every day! One of my favorite parts of the process.

Nº 4



'JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR' AND 'EVITA'

Structurally, in terms of the shape of the musical, you can see their influence, in that we have a killer telling his story, like Che in *Evita* and Judas in *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

Nº 5

BIGGIE SMALLS AND BIG PUN

Biggie and Big Pun were the best storytellers of the '90s. I would get wrapped up in the narrative of what they were talking about. But the fun of the show is assigning references to characters to illuminate a moment. When Hamilton quotes Biggie, it's in "My Shot" at the top, when he's trying to prove himself to his new friends. It's always to serve character.

Nº 6

INWOOD HILL AND FORT TRYON PARKS

Where most of this show got written. I like to separate the music- and lyric-writing processes if I can. I'll sort of noodle around on my keyboard and my computer until I have a beat or a chord progression, I'll record it as a loop, export it to iTunes, then walk around with the loop and sort of talk to myself in the loop, and that's how I get the lyrics. My dog, Tobi, has witnessed most of it. We'd just go on these epic walks, and I'd bring a little Moleskine with me or type it into my phone.

Nº 7

MORRIS-JUMEL MANSION

I wrote a whole musical about Washington Heights not realizing that a lot of Washington's landmarks are *in* Washington Heights. I went here a lot; the woman who runs it was very generous about letting me kinda hang in Aaron Burr's bedroom, where I would go to work and write.

Nº 8

JOHN WEIDMAN

I talked a lot to [librettist] John Weidman. We talked a lot about Stephen Sondheim's *Assassins* [for which Weidman wrote the book], which is such a master class in, *Okay, how are these people similar, how are they different, what do they want, what story are we telling in this one song?*

Nº 9

THE WEST WING

West Wing was huge. Like *Hamilton,* it pulls back the curtain on how decision-making happens at the highest level, or at least how you hope it would be. The amount of information Aaron Sorkin packs into a scene gave me this courage to trust the audience to keep up.

Nº 10

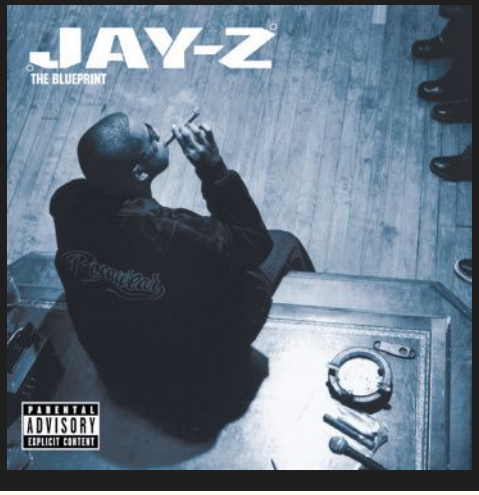
NEVIS

My wife and I went to the Caribbean island where Hamilton was born, and the towns reminded me almost exactly of my father's hometown in Puerto Rico. Very small, very modest homes. Really hot. I could just see Hamilton going, "I gotta get out of here." My father left Puerto Rico at age 18, and one of his jokes is "I liked air conditioning too much."

№ 11

JAY Z'S 'THE BLUEPRINT,' AND '8 MILE'

In crafting the battles, I listened a lot to the Jay Z–Nas beefs. "Takeover" is such a systematic takedown of Nas; it's "Here's how many albums you put out. One of them is good." It's so clinical that it's kind of devastating. And Nas's response to Jay Z was no less brutal or enthusiastic. I listened to those a lot when it came to the battle raps; taking each other down but in an intelligent way. And there's a little ode to *8 Mile* in the way those scenes are structured.



№ 12

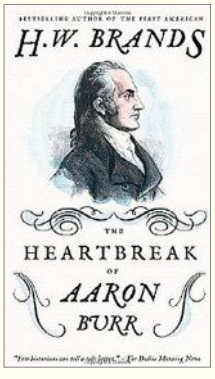
TENNIS MATCHES

The only other thing that's like video games for me is watching tennis on TV. I can have it on, and there's a rhythmic quality to it—I can be watching Wimbledon or the U.S. Open and still be working.

№ 13

'THE LAST FIVE YEARS'

Some quotes in the show are really specific to a moment; we quote Jason Robert Brown's musical *The Last Five Years* at the end of Hamilton's affair with Maria Reynolds; he sings, "Nobody needs to know," and Jason wrote the ultimate infidelity jam called "Nobody Needs to Know." The moment I had the idea, I called Jason and was like, "Ahhhhh, I need to make this reference!"



№ 14

'THE HEARTBREAK OF AARON BURR,' BY H. W. BRANDS

Burr was the greatest challenge, and this book unlocked him. A really slim volume, but it's all about his relationship with his wife and daughter, and that seemed to me the best way to come at the character. Burr didn't publish a lot, but he was an early feminist, in that he married an older woman and his daughter had a good education.

№ 15

'IN THE HEIGHTS'

I have a ton of words to deliver in this show—I always give myself the hardest work in terms of that, and I learned everything about doing that on *In the Heights*. *Heights* was my grad school. You learn, *What are the stories worth telling that add up to an evening?* Everything I'm doing I learned from *Heights*.

№ 16

'BRING IT ON: THE MUSICAL'

Bring It On [for which Miranda wrote music and lyrics] was such a contemporary score, a million trial-and-error things logistically in terms of how hip-hoppy tracks work with a live band, when you want the sound to sound like something that was created in the studio but you want it to play live—Alex Lacamoire, who orchestrated *Hamilton*, and I learned from that.

№ 17

'LES MISÉRABLES'

Les Miz bubbles up because it is an epic revolutionary score and it's the first Broadway show I ever saw. I learned a lot from *Les Miz* about compression and returning to themes.

№ 18

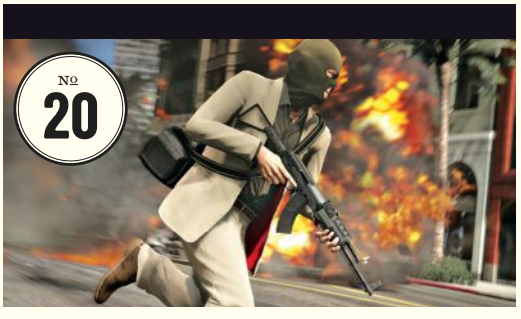
MY WIFE, VANESSA

She's the smartest person I know. I wrote a song for when Eliza meets Hamilton; I played it for her, she kinda squinted at me and was like, "This is a nice song, but it's not, like, gonna be the last version of it." An hour later, I had written "Helpless." She was just saying, "Go back to the drawing board," and I found the song I needed to write.

№ 19

MY FATHER, LUIS A. MIRANDA JR.

My dad worked in politics—he worked for Koch, for Dinkins, for Giuliani, he did a ton of political campaigns—and I was the little kid dragged to these meetings. I've seen the public face and then the backroom deal, so I felt uniquely suited to write that song. I've seen how the sausage gets made. I will *never* run for office!



GRAND THEFT AUTO 5

Grand Theft Auto 5 was definitely going on while I was working on the show. I like open-world games, 'cause there's no music playing and I can be shooting at things and still writing in my head.

PHOTOGRAPHS, THIS SPREAD, NYC PARKS DEPARTMENT (INWOOD PARK); AL PEREIRA/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES (BIGGIE SMALLS); CENTRAL PRESS/HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES (EVITA); JOAN MARCUS (BRING IT ON); ALAMY (NEVIS ISLAND); NBCU PHOTO BANK/GETTY IMAGES (WEST WING); PATRICK MCMULLAN (MIRANDA); JACK MITCHELL/GETTY IMAGES (LES MISÉRABLES)

Universes Colliding

A married Han Solo, a racist Atticus Finch, and our impending canon crisis.

BY ADAM STERNBERGH

With the release of *Go Set a Watchman*, by Harper Lee, fans of *To Kill a Mockingbird* are being forced to reconcile a new, crankier, more racist iteration of Atticus Finch with the earlier character they love so much—if, indeed, these two versions can be reconciled at all. So which Atticus is the *real* Atticus? For guidance, Lee readers should look to fans of comic books and science fiction and fantasy literature, for whom debating the legitimacy of various versions of the same character—not to mention scrutinizing the tiniest details in a larger fictive universe—is all part of the hallowed task of determining what counts as "canon." And in these realms of pop culture, canon is everything.

The notion of canon as an officially sanctioned body of work originated with perhaps the most high-stakes example of canon-building in human history: decisions by Roman Catholic church leaders, pre–500 A.D., as to which books of the Bible would be considered divinely inspired, or canonical, and which would be dismissed as apocrypha. Canon has, more recently, come to refer to materials that are, or aren't, considered to be "officially" part of an expansive narrative that's told across many media—the world of *Star Wars*, or *The Avengers*, or *Game of Thrones*. Canon can pertain to everything from tiny factual details (where a character was born; the design of a coat of arms) to more intangible components, such as the nature of a character's character. "Fandom is about joy, and canon is one of the elements of the pleasure fans derive from our favorite stories," Heather Urbanski, an academic and self-described "overall SF geek," told me. But, she says, there are those who believe that their fandom "endows them with authority to pass judgment over what is 'allowed' in canon and what is not." In a recent, fairly typical blowup, Han Solo was revealed, in a comic-book story, to be married. (Or, at least, a woman showed up who claimed to be his wife.) Fans of *Star Wars* might here note that Han Solo has never mentioned, nor even alluded to, nor even seemed particularly inclined toward, being married—certainly not in any of the movies that you most closely associate with Han Solo. Yet the comic book in question is considered canon. So say hello to Mrs. Solo.

The curious case of Sana Solo (that's his ostensible wife) demonstrates why we may be facing a looming canon crisis. The J.R.R. Tolkien canon, for example, was once fairly simple to determine: It could be straightforwardly described as "books written by J.R.R. Tolkien." For his modern equivalents, it's much more complicated. *Star Wars* has birthed such a tangled lineage—movies, comic books, novels, video games, even an infamous *Star Wars Holiday Special*—that Lucasfilm employs a man named Leland Chee to be the official keeper of the canon. This job includes maintaining a database with more than 60,000 entries on every character, planet, weapon, vehicle, etc., ever mentioned, pictured, or described in any of the various *Star Wars* spinoff products. (As Chee told *Wired*: "Someone has to be able to say, Luke Skywalker would not have that color of lightsaber.") The *Game of Thrones* canon, unbelievably, is even more convoluted. The *Thrones* world is now officially split into two parallel and, in a sense, competing narratives. There is the canon of the still ongoing series of novels by George R.R. Martin—which has been expanded to semi-officially encompass Martin-sanctioned information provided to leading fan sites as well as a *Game of Thrones* role-playing game. But that canon doesn't include the *Game of Thrones* TV show, which is its own separate, parallel canon, inspired by, but not beholden to, the universe of the books.

Do these characters belong to you or to their creators?

This might all seem like needless ecclesiastical nitpicking until you consider that, in the most recent season of *Game of Thrones*, the two canons diverged dramatically: Characters were killed off on the show who live on in the novels and, perhaps more distressingly, other characters acted in ways on the show that seem at odds with their characters as portrayed in the novels. In a *Guardian* column, Spencer Ackerman pointed out that several recent events on the show are apparently inspired by things that might happen in the books but haven't yet: For example, in the novels, Tyrion has never met a dragon but likely will; on the show, he already has. So, Ackerman asks, "if Martin doesn't write his story the show's way, will the original author be deviating, in a meaningful way, from canon?" Ackerman points out that *Game of Thrones* is no longer "just magic, war and toplessness. It's a literary experiment, however accidental or forced by circumstance, that shatters through stale academic debates about authorial intent and semantic autonomy." There's now a vocal contingent of *Game of Thrones* fans online who believe the show has deviated so drastically from the novels that it amounts to heresy. A particular sacrilege is the episode in which Stannis Baratheon burned his daughter at the stake. In the books, his daughter still lives. You might argue that these are two different Stannises, but that raises the thorny question: Which is the true Stannis Baratheon—and who gets to decide?

This is where questions of canon rub up against questions about the nature of storytelling itself. As a fan, it's tempting for me to reject one storyteller's version—her Atticus versus yours—but do these characters belong to you or to their creators? Especially given that part of the joy of being told a story is putting yourself in the hands of the person who's doing the telling. And yet if tomorrow J. K. Rowling released a novella claiming that Harry Potter was a deranged schizophrenic and all the preceding books an asylum-bound fever dream, fans might rightfully decide to ignore its existence, essentially wresting control of the characters from their creator. Perhaps canon is best seen as a kind of symbiotic process between a story's creators and its fans—one that, ideally, results in the richest possible narrative. Some critics have suggested, for example, that the new version of Atticus Finch creates a more interesting, more expansive, if less palatable version of that character—and that this challenges us, the readers, to not simply refuse the new version but to thoughtfully reconsider the old one. For fans, it's certainly not the easiest response, but it may be the most rewarding. ■

PHOTOGRAPHS: LUCASFILMS/EVERETT COLLECTION (HAN SOLO 1977); COURTESY OF LUCASFILM 2015 (HAN SOLO 2015); COURTESY OF CARTOON NETWORK (LEGO HAN SOLO); MARVEL (COMIC BOOK HAN SOLO)

Illustration by Ritterized

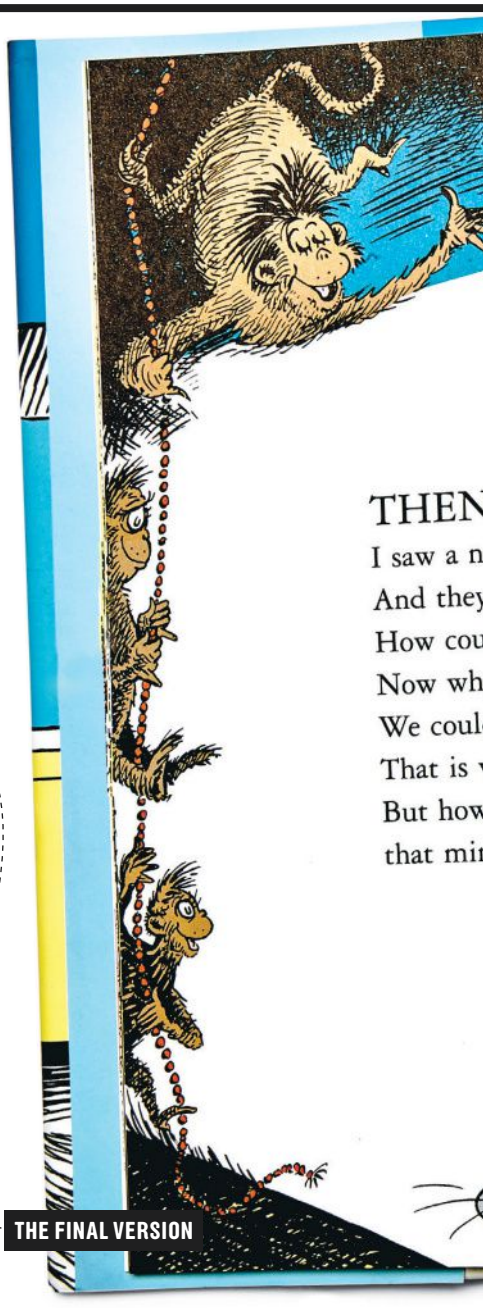
BOOKS

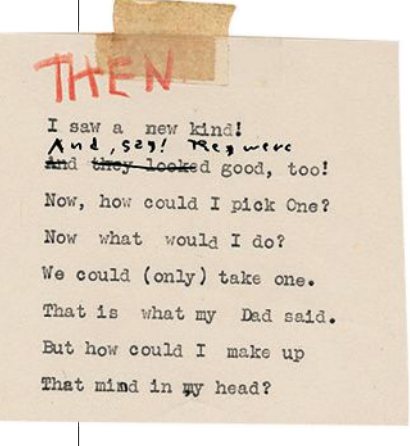
WHAT PET SHOULD I STET?

"I DON'T REALLY believe in this stuff," says Cathy Goldsmith, "but I feel like sometimes he sends me answers when I'm stuck." Goldsmith, the associate publishing director of Random House's Golden Books Young Readers Group, was the last editor to work with Theodor Geisel, a.k.a. Dr. Seuss, before he died in 1991. In 2013, when his widow found the sheets of a complete book, *What Pet Should I Get?*, Goldsmith was charged with figuring out how to publish the work. In shepherding along the book, which will be available on July 28 and has a first print run of a million copies, Goldsmith relied on her knowledge of Seuss's preferences on everything from endpapers to punctuation. Here, she explains how one of the original sketches was turned into finished pages. BORIS KACHKA

THE ORIGINAL DRAWING

THE FINAL VERSION





1

The Words

Goldsmith adopted one of Seuss's handwritten edits ("were" for "looked") but ignored the rest, then deleted "now" from the next line. "He didn't deliver this and say it was perfect," she explains. Little cuts were made to omit needless syllables and help things flow. "If we can see a way to get the extra beats out and keep the message the same, we try to do that."

2

The Colors

All the objects, including the water and birdcage, are variants on the warm red, teal, and pale yellow of 1960's *One Fish Two Fish Red Fish Blue Fish*, which features the same brother-sister protagonists. But the colors are actually blends of cyan, magenta, yellow, and black that had yet to be developed for wide use when Seuss was likely working on the book.

3

The Animals

The dogs and cats in the book are all uniquely colored. "The concept of the book was picking out a pet," says Goldsmith, "so it would be a good idea not to have cats and dogs be the same." Not so for some other animals. "I didn't think we could have the monkeys in different colors because, as far as I know, monkeys come mostly in brown." The many realistic pets in *What Pet* also drove Goldsmith to deploy a full and organic palette of colors.

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4

The White Space

"The man was not afraid of white space," says Goldsmith. "He did not dislike it, and I love him for that." Seuss's comfort with placid areas of the page is at odds with prevailing trends in children's books. "Today's writers want everything filled up," Goldsmith adds.

5

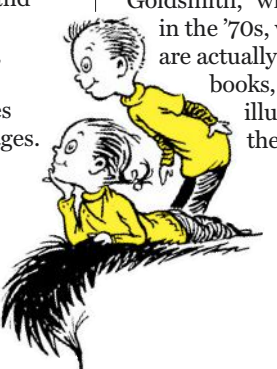
The Chronology

In *One Fish,* the children's yellow shirts are the only human elements colored in; flesh tones weren't commonly done at the time. The idea to add colors to people and pets came from the collection *Seuss-isms,* in which illustrations from different decades were put on facing pages. The uncolored work "looked odd when it was next to later art," says Goldsmith.

6

The Kids

The fact that this book depicted humans drawn by Seuss made it relatively easy to place within his aesthetic chronology. "He didn't like drawing kids," says Goldsmith, "which is why, in the '70s, where there are actually kids in his books, other people illustrated them."



7

The Precedents

Often, there were color choices found in other books that featured similar species. These orange fish look a lot like those in *You're Only Old Once!*—a book that also has white bubbles in blue water, as seen here.

PARTY LINES

Edited by Jennifer Vineyard

PREMIERE OF *TRAINWRECK* BENEFITING THE FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
ALICE TULLY HALL, LINCOLN CENTER. JULY 14.

"At a dinner, I was photographed *once* with Kanye West, and apparently people think we're very close friends now! What can I say? You and I are closer friends than Kanye and I—we've talked for longer." *—Tilda Swinton*

What makes you irrationally angry?

"Excessive cell-phone use of the younger generation."

Parker Posey

Dana Delany

"Hygiene. People sneezing without covering. Picking their nose and then touching things."

"Being late. I was just in a cab, gripping the sides of the seat, ready to scream at the driver."

Sophie von Haselberg

SCREENING OF *IRRATIONAL MAN* HOSTED BY THE CINEMA SOCIETY AND FIJI WATER
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART AND THE NEW YORK PALACE. JULY 15.

TANGENT

"I've spent a lot of time with Donald Trump, and America's been saying they want a politician that speaks his mind, and now they've got one. Unfortunately, he's wrong about a lot of things, but it really shows you how disgusted people are with Hillary Clinton and Jeb Bush that they're willing to listen to Donald Trump, because he's a nut."
—Penn Jillette

SCREENING OF *ANT-MAN* HOSTED BY THE CINEMA SOCIETY AND AUDI
SVA THEATRE AND ST. CLOUD AT THE KNICKERBOCKER. JULY 13.

"It's a tie between create world peace, fly, and get the Kansas City Chiefs to win the Super Bowl some day—but not in that order."
—Paul Rudd, on what superpower he'd like to have

OPENING NIGHT OF *PENN & TELLER ON BROADWAY*
MARQUIS THEATRE AND SARDI'S. JULY 12.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

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The CULTURE PAGES

CRITICS

David Edelstein on The End of the Tour ... *Christian Lorentzen on* Go Set a Watchman ... *Jerry Saltz on Wael Shawky.*

Jason Segel in The End of the Tour.

PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF A24

MOVIES / DAVID EDELSTEIN

Behind the Bandanna

The End of the Tour is like spending two hours with David Foster Wallace.

THE TOUR in *The End of the Tour* is David Foster Wallace's 1996 multicity promotion for his epic novel *Infinite Jest*, a fractured portrait of a manic culture and the biting loneliness at its heart. The movie, directed by James Ponsoldt from a script by the playwright Donald Margulies, depicts what happens when Wallace (Jason Segel) becomes a cog in the machine he's attempting to deconstruct. He's seen through the eyes of the writer David Lipsky (Jesse Eisenberg), who tags along to the last city, Minneapolis, for a *Rolling Stone* profile. Lipsky has just published his own novel to resounding crickets, and he oscillates between jealousy of Wallace's sudden celebrity and a desire to live vicariously through it—to know what it's like to be a literary sensation. Wallace, meanwhile, is visibly uncomfortable with his stardom, partly because he doesn't want to be seen as comfortable with it and partly because he's afraid he'll be weakened by it existentially. He's especially frightened of being on TV, which riveted him as a child and instilled in him the conviction that mainstream culture is evolving into an ever more efficient drug. He does, however, admit that he'd like to get laid more easily.

The End of the Tour is essentially a two-character piece in which every exchange is boldface, fraught. Wallace studies Lipsky studying him while Lipsky labors to find his story. The film doesn't tell you that Lipsky never found it, psyching himself out to the point where he didn't even publish the piece. But he did release an annotated transcript of the interview after Wallace's 2008 suicide under the title *Although of Course You End Up Becoming Yourself*. It's not too revealing. Wallace is controlled, self-censoring, showing little of the tempestuousness that emerges in D.T. Max's biography *Every Love Story Is a Ghost Story,* let alone the philosophical daredevilry of a novelist striving to further the explorations of Thomas Pynchon and Don DeLillo. But Ponsoldt and Margulies have squeezed every last drop of subtext out of the material, and at times the movie's small canvas feels momentous. They've found the inner tensions in people's presentations of themselves in a way that's positively Wallace-like.

Segel had me from the moment Wallace clumsily ushers Lipsky into his rural-Illinois

home and says, "I feel like I should offer you tea or something." The line means: *How are we supposed to do this?* His Wallace is lumbering, at a distance from his body, working to project earnestness after publicly rejecting irony as a soul-killing palliative—as well as contrary to the spirit of Alcoholics Anonymous, which likely saved his life. Segel's delivery—with its built-in hesitation—suggests a man who's always measuring himself against others. His self-deprecation is competitiveness redirected.

Eisenberg, by contrast, puts Lipsky's competitiveness right on the surface. Pre–*The Social Network,* the actor tended to project sweetness, but playing Mark Zuckerberg opened a pipeline to his nerve endings. It takes Eisenberg's Lipsky a long time to see past his own envy, and the questions he blurts are shallow and glib; he doesn't seem to have understood the themes of the book he so admires. Their unacknowledged contest comes to a head when they go out with two Minneapolis blonde friends of Wallace's played by Mamie Gummer and Mickey Sumner and, in a series of exquisitely orchestrated scenes, Wallace picks up on Lipsky's subtle sexual moves and begins to seethe.

Not everything in *The End of the Tour* is so suggestive. There's a bogus moral issue to generate suspense: Will Lipsky—following the crude dictates of the crude *Rolling Stone* editor—ask Wallace if he was addicted to heroin? (Big whoop if he was.) The pacing falters in the later scenes, when Lipsky and Wallace are furious at each other. But the characters remain wonderfully alive. Even at its draggiest, the film has a present-tense quality that makes you feel lucky to be in the same room as David Foster Wallace.

I can think of only one major absence: Wallace's voice as writer. Could it have been in the movie? Sure. Wallace is shown at a bookstore about to read. (He's anxious about lack of spit—a preoccupation in his work.) Why not let us hear something?

In 1996, I was present at Wallace's first big event, the packed reading at K.G.B. in the East Village, wedged between bodies on the hard floor at the feet of an acquaintance, Elizabeth Wurtzel—whom Wallace greeted brightly on his way to the front and with whom he would go home that night (although her refusal to sleep with him planted the seed for the revenge story "The Depressed Person"). Anyway, he read two sections of *Infinite Jest* in an even, deadpan meter, the explanatory clauses spiraling out with an absurd but perfect logic, like Lewis Carroll set to Mozart. Why not show David Foster Wallace in the one arena in which he could be perfectly understood?

THE END OF THE TOUR
DIRECTED BY JAMES PONSOLDT. A24 FILMS. R.

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE–ROGUE NATION
DIRECTED BY CHRISTOPHER MCQUARRIE. PARAMOUNT. PG-13.

LISTEN TO ME MARLON
DIRECTED BY STEVAN RILEY. SHOWTIME. NR.

ALTHOUGH THE 53-year-old Tom Cruise's biceps are impressive and his *Six Million Dollar Tin Man* running style as endearing as ever, the reason to see *Mission: Impossible—Rogue Nation* is Rebecca Ferguson, a Swedish-born actress passing easily as a British spy named Ilsa who is either a double (good) or triple (bad) agent—but if bad would make most of us want to switch our allegiance in a heartbeat. Actually, Ferguson's mom is a Brit, which would account for the slight smirk suggesting naughty secrets on an otherwise coolly beautiful face, and her voice is a kitty-cat purr that makes dull lines sound devilishly clever. She's a hell of a fighter, too, moving in an instant from stillness to a focused ferocity.

The film is better when, like Ferguson, it plays things straight instead of (mis)using Simon Pegg's Impossible Mission Team techie for broad comic relief and Ving Rhames for Lou Grant–like grumpiness. The director, Christopher McQuarrie (*Jack Reacher*), doesn't have the visual panache to pull off the slapstick-derring-do opening, and the martial-arts clashes are edited for maximum chop instead of minimal sense. But there's a corker of a high-speed motorcycle chase—the road-level camerawork rattles you down to your joints. And as the chief of "the Syndicate"—a subterranean anti-IMF—Sean Harris is icily malignant, like a medieval demon with thick glasses.

Mission: Impossible—Rogue Nation doesn't have the nonsensical lyricism of Brad Bird's stupendous *Ghost Protocol.* But it has one foolproof weapon: Lalo Schifrin's original TV theme, blasted so triumphantly here whenever Cruise & Co. do something right that it's like the action-movie equivalent of Beethoven's "Ode to Joy."

STEVAN RILEY'S *Listen to Me Marlon* is the greatest, most searching documentary of an actor ever put on film, and it's no coincidence that it's about film's greatest and most searching actor. The words are Brando's—taken from hundreds of hours of audiotapes he made over the decades as well as home movies and interview footage—accompanied by photos, thrilling film clips, a fluid procession of resonant objects from his life, and a sort of cyberlife mask of the actor speaking. What he says confirms that however crazy he became, Brando was wise to the source of his art. No one could *think* so believably on-camera or find more poetic and surprising ways to show the progress of those thoughts on his face. But being "in the moment" cost him. He was a damaged child, abandoned by his mother (the town drunk) and physically abused by his father. His success gave him the power to escape—into sex and food, to his property in Tahiti—but the compulsion to escape can be its own kind of prison. In the end, he understood the tragedy of his life, and Riley's film is the worthiest epitaph imaginable. ■

BOOKS / CHRISTIAN LORENTZEN

Rewriting Your Childhood

With her new book, Harper Lee shows us what she thinks of *Mockingbird*: It's juvenile.

"REMEMBER THIS ALSO: it's always easy to look back and see what we were, yesterday, ten years ago. It is hard to see what we are. If you can master that trick, you'll get along." These lines come near the end of Harper Lee's new lost-and-found book *Go Set a Watchman,* and they neatly explain why the book might have been better off lost.

Instead, to hear the publishers tell it, she traded the contemporary setting of *Watchman,* circa 1955, for the 1930s, and in writing *To Kill a Mockingbird* was able to tell a story of simple moral clarity. If it was the clarity of a white savior, well, that's the best you could find, or invent, in 1930s Alabama, when desegregation wasn't yet on the horizon. Seeing the present, in the form of a novel, wasn't a trick she'd mastered. And even if she had, I doubt it would have had the makings of a blockbuster book or a Hollywood film. Moral clarity is harder to come by in fiction that dramatizes the present. Historical fiction, even when it's set just a few decades back, has a tendency to congratulate the present for overcoming, or starting to ameliorate, the moral failings of the past.

GO SET A WATCHMAN
HARPERCOLLINS.

The twin themes of *Watchman* are disillusion and nostalgia. Disillusion has the upper hand as Jean Louise "Scout" Finch comes home to Maycomb, Alabama, from New York, tours her hometown, and finds that things have changed: The house she grew up in is now an ice-cream parlor, and worse, her father, Atticus, and her childhood sweetheart Hank have joined the Citizens Council that's trying to stall federally mandated desegregation and ward off the NAACP. The trick in *Mockingbird* was to give nostalgia the upper hand and to cloak disillusion in a child's discovery of the injustices of the adult world. In *Watchman*, Jean Louise is constantly moving in some state of distress through the altered landscape of her childhood, and "memories" inevitably "stir." It's structurally clunky, and paired with the book's racial politics, it raises the question: Why didn't Scout see that everything was wrong all along? Jean Louise's disillusion is overdone (it causes her to vomit, among other things), and it defies plausibility. The third-person narration, in some places omniscient but mostly sticking fairly close to Jean Louise's point of view, doesn't help matters. For stretches, especially in the nostalgic passages, Lee's charm is evident on the sentence level, and this is surely what made her editor believe in her, because *Go Set a Watchman* is a lousy novel. Boring, sentimental, trite, and a bit ugly. (On the last score, see Scout's discussion of interracial marriage with her Uncle Jack.)

Abandoning *Watchman* for what became *Mockingbird* (and was for a time reportedly titled *Atticus*) was commercially shrewd, and the process of revision made Lee a far better novelist. After its first hundred pages *Mockingbird* becomes a thriller of sorts, as the taunts of Scout's classmates who call her father a "nigger-lover" lead to the powerfully executed trial scene and its violent aftermath, as Robert E. Lee Ewell, the redneck who accuses Tom Robinson of raping his daughter and is humiliated by Atticus Finch even as he prevails in court, terrorizes Maycomb and stalks the Finch children before Boo Radley comes out of hiding to kill him. The Gothic elements and the stunning suspense of *Mockingbird* are entirely absent in *Watchman*. One thing the two books do have in common is a tendency to lapse into didactic dialogues about racial injustice. The difference is that in *Mockingbird,* one or both of the people talking is always a child, while in *Watchman*, both the people talking are adults, and at least one is a vile racist.

The spectacle of the discovery and marketing of *Go Set a Watchman* has been grotesque and leaves one with the sense of a wake of aliterary vultures hovering around a helpless stroke victim, counting the Amazon preorders by the millions. The appropriate publication would have been a scholarly edition issued a few years after its author's death. The only person who comes out of this affair looking good is Tay Hohoff, the Lippincott editor who told Lee to start over.

Had *Go Set a Watchman* arrived as a scholarly curiosity, however, rather than as a preposterously overhyped publishing "event," it would have taken its logical place in the ongoing debate about the racial politics of *To Kill a Mockingbird*. For a generation or so, a contrarian club made up of a minority of *Mockingbird* readers, legal scholars such as Monroe Freedman, southern historians, and Malcolm Gladwell have been arguing that Atticus Finch was less a saint seeking a political miracle than a man invested in the maintenance of the southern Establishment and the rule of the law, including the ones that held up the Jim Crow status quo. Of a man who leads a lynch mob out to murder his client, he says, "Mr. Cunningham's basically a good man … he just has his blind spots along with the rest of us." It's a good definition of a racist: a good person who happens to be inclined to oppress and terrorize people whose humanity falls into a blind spot.

Harper Lee in New York City, 1957.

The Atticus skeptics were at first angrily dismissed by the book's many, many partisans. But as it turns out, the people who claimed to love the book most were wrong, and the ones who took issue with it were right. All along, Harper Lee had a more tortured view of the racial politics of the era and the region than her readers did. Some, like Adam Gopnik, have already suggested that the version of *Watchman* we're reading is actually a sequel to *Mockingbird,* reworked after the latter's publication, but the jarring clashes of continuity between the texts as well as *Watchman*'s generally cruder level of literary sophistication suggest we should take Lee at her word about the publication history. The inevitable conclusion is that she diluted the political complexity of her novel for us. *Mockingbird,* perhaps the most beloved book ever written by an American (in 2006, British librarians rated it more essential than the Bible), the one embraced by generation after generation as a national moral fable, was, in fact, a narrative act of condescension. We weren't ready for an honest picture of a character based on her father, the pattern of revisions say, only for a childishly rendered racial hero (and, don't forget, a hero who doesn't actually change anything, just demonstrates his own dignity). To judge by the first outraged response to the news that Atticus was all along, in Lee's mind, a white supremacist, we still aren't ready.

I can't help but think of the whole affair as a distraction from superior novels that partake of the Southern Gothic published this year, like Nell Zink's *Mislaid* and Ben Metcalf's *Against the Country,* and more bracing works about race, like Paul Beatty's *The Sellout*. The oddest coincidence is that Ta-Nehisi Coates's already much-lauded *Between the World and Me,* an epistolary meditation on what he sees as the fundamentally static nature of race relations in this country, was published on the same day as *Watchman*. Coates's most powerful idea is that Americans who think of themselves as white and progressive have achieved their progress "through the pillaging of life, liberty, labor, and land; through the flaying of backs; the chaining of limbs." He calls the denial of this reality "the Dream": "The Dream is treehouses and the Cub Scouts. The Dream smells like peppermint but tastes like strawberry shortcake … the Dream rests on our backs." The Dream is also *To Kill a Mockingbird*. That readers of *Mockingbird* are even more attached to a Dream version of Atticus than the person who is not just his author but—to commit an act of narrator-author confusion—his daughter, well … as Stephen King put it on Twitter, "Watch the critics clobber *Go Set a Watchman*. 'Thou shalt not monkey with our scared literary cows.' For the rest of us: you go, girl!"

To Kill a Mockingbird was never much of a sacred cow for me. I was never made to read it in school and had never picked it up until last week, when I promptly fell in love with Scout. I wonder whether the appearance of *Go Set a Watchman,* an inferior novel with a more mature morality, will have an effect on *Mockingbird*'s pedagogical utility. Perhaps our teenagers deserve a better introduction to racial politics than the figure of the white savior, and perhaps the librarians of Britain will go back to the Bible. ■

PHOTOGRAPH: MICHAEL BROWN/COURTESY OF HARPER COLLINS

Cabaret Crusades: The Horror Show Files, *2010.*

ART / JERRY SALTZ

Wael Shawky's Crusade

At PS1, his puppets transport us to the 11th century. And back to the present.

ONE OF THE more florid and unfashionable forms an artist can use these days is the epic. The genre is often seen as the domain of the overblown Hollywood blockbuster sequel, pseudo-intellectual serial television dramas, and multipart books about soft-core porn or young-adult coming-of-age or dying stories—overwrought, platitudinous, clichéd, swollen with sincerity and melodrama, a form of eras gone by. Not for me: I love epics for how their authors can claim to be channeling muses and deities who speak through them, recounting stupendous narratives. I love art that attempts to be about everything, to catalogue a moral universe, tell a tale with so many levels that the tale is always unfolding.

Egypt-born and -based Wael Shawky inhabits the epic's structure impeccably, and in the most unexpected way possible: with puppets. In a lush, labyrinthine trilogy of films being exhibited at MoMA PS1, he uses sublimely designed, marvelously costumed ensembles of marionettes—some made centuries ago, others fashioned by the artist of Murano glass. These imaginary beings act against painted backdrops, in little built cities, citadels, and battlements; they move in surreal landscapes, speaking Arabic, dancing, singing. With his supernal sense of sound, staging, pacing, and color, Shawky uses these puppets and backdrops to transmit the horror, hate, vanity, slander, and circles of hell of the clash between civilizations known as the Crusades. As organized by Klaus Biesenbach with Margaret Aldredge, the show couldn't be better, or more ably installed. It is one of the best exhibitions of the season.

"Cabaret Crusades" gives us the Crusades as seen through an Arab perspective, inspired as it is by an essay by contemporary Lebanese historian Amin Maalouf. The first two films are subtitled *The Horror Show Files* and *The Path to Cairo*—32 and 59 minutes, respectively, made in 2010 and 2012. They are the most intoxicating, savage masterpieces of the period I've seen anywhere, on film or otherwise. Each film opens with a spectacular shot. Part II begins in 1099 with Jerusalem burning: Between 60,000 and 100,000 Crusaders have taken and ransacked the holy city, and the conflagration is reminiscent of the incredible opening shot of *Apocalypse Now*. After a prologue scene of plague-ravaged Constantinople, Part I gives us the fateful day of November 27, 1095, and Pope Urban II in France calling on all European Christians to fight against Muslims to reclaim the Holy Land. "God wills it," he proclaims. This sets in motion a story that unspools still. Even the places in Shawky's films are sickeningly familiar: Aleppo and Damascus in Syria, Mosul and Baghdad in Iraq, Mecca, Cairo, Lebanon, Palestine, and, of course, Jerusalem. Although the films only encompass a little more than 55 years, Shawky brilliantly makes this time frame feel endless, shot through with delusion, hubris, and power-mad folly.

WAEL SHAWKY: CABARET CRUSADES
MOMA PS1. THROUGH AUGUST 31.

As with many epics, there are scenes recounting marriages, deaths, and ritual moments in cosmic detail; feasting; sleepless nights; celebration. Maybe only puppets can give us these things too big to grasp otherwise. There's great oratorical prowess here, too, highly stylized forms of address: elegies, epitaphs, hymns, laments, oaths, pleas, prayers, and prophecies—all would seem cheesy if delivered by actors. Best are the scenes delivered in song. The action stops as a character breaks into rhythmic dirge or ecstatic aria delivered to drums and other exotic instruments. (I imagined Wagner's *Ring* cycle done with puppets.) Characters beseech deities, beg forgiveness, bid farewell to families, and sentence loved ones to death. Even small scenes can shatter. In one sequence, Christian forces march through Germany and decide to kill all Jews. So go these holy warriors.

Part III, *The Secrets of Karbala,* is as beautiful as the first two. But at two hours—and, seemingly, with a much bigger budget—most of Shawky's attention here looks like it went into the puppets and sets. Action becomes monotonous; the script is all stalemate; the film fizzles. I hope Shawky takes up the story again, if only to provide a better bookend to this brilliant series.

Two other things about this show make this exhibition pressing. The first may be banal but is important in art-world circles. "Cabaret Crusades" reminds us that the much-maligned Klaus Biesenbach is fine at what he does best: making shows and projects like this at PS1. Biesenbach is not a scholar or an intellect, maybe not even a curator per se; he's an impresario who has been given too much power at MoMA. No matter, he can be good at this sort of show.

Far darker, seeing "Cabaret Crusades" made me contemplate how the past is never past. Watching Shawky's characters forever recounting the reasons for their killing, I remembered a reporter once asking a Bosnian warlord how a particular skirmish began and hearing him flatly begin, "Well, back in 1385 …" Shawky's films remind us that shortly after September 11, 2001, George W. Bush called for a "crusade." And on the evening of 9/11, almost echoing Pope Urban II, he incited the West to "defend freedom and all that is good and just in our world." Shawky's art makes us know this in our bones, makes us wonder if we're addicted to and in satanic love with war. After thousands of years, the words attributed to Plato only ring truer: "Only the dead have seen the end of war." ■

PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

For full listings of movies, theater, music, restaurants, and much more, see **nymag.com/agenda.**

To Do

TWENTY-FIVE THINGS TO SEE, HEAR, WATCH, AND READ.

JULY 29–AUGUST 12

TV

1. Watch Wet Hot American Summer: First Day of Camp

Back in short-shorts.

Netflix, July 31.

Michael Showalter and David Wain have recaptured the weird magic of their 2001 spoof of early-'80s sniggering teen-sex comedies, even reuniting Amy Poehler, Bradley Cooper, Elizabeth Banks, Janeane Garofalo, and Paul Rudd. The trick to enjoying it is to just shrug at the elapsed time and plunge ahead: This is a prequel even though all the characters are clearly 14 years older, and the show just expects us to accept this. It's the right approach for a follow-up to a film that prided itself on a sort of deadpan near surrealism.

MATT ZOLLER SEITZ

POP

2. See Rakim

He plays for keeps.

Marcus Garvey Park, August 11.

"Follow the Leader," "I Ain't No Joke," "Don't Sweat the Technique": all classics from the legendary New York MC whose dexterity at rhyming within verses redefined how to rap. His longtime DJ Eric B won't join him for this free concert, but an appearance by Rakim alone is reason enough to indulge your rap nostalgia.

BOOKS

3. Read Mary Kubica's Pretty Baby

Suspense done well.

Mira/Harlequin.

The author of intricately wrought suspense had the misfortune of publishing her first novel, *The Good Girl*, just as a similarly named best-selling mystery was becoming a movie. Maybe it's just as well, because *Pretty Baby* has even better stuff. Do-gooder Heidi and her mismatched husband take in a homeless boarder and her newborn. As disaster ensues, the narration alternates among the couple and their new charge. But this is no familiar game of psychopaths; everyone is deeply flawed but deeply human.

BORIS KACHKA

MOVIES

4. Watch Metropolitan

The titled aristocracy in all their glory.

Film Society of Lincoln Center, opens August 7.

On the occasion of the film's 25th anniversary, Rialto Pictures will rerelease Whit Stillman's 1990 debut, an endearingly pointy-headed comedy of manners set in the parlors of Manhattan's affluent 20-somethings. The butt of the film is a rigid young idealist who discovers that his philosophy barely covers the real world—but you'll probably end up wistful for a pre-selfie era.

DAVID EDELSTEIN

CLASSICAL MUSIC

5. Hear Written on Skin

A step in the right direction.

David H. Koch Theater, August 11, 13, and 15.

George Benjamin's opera, which sent critics into rhapsodies at its world premiere in Aix-en-Provence in 2012, finally makes it to New York in the Mostly Mozart Festival; Alan Gilbert conducts the three-night run.

JUSTIN DAVIDSON

ART

6. See Michael Smith

An odd-man-great-artist-out.

Greene Naftali, through August 14.

For more than 35 years, Smith has been the eagle-eyed Buster Keaton of the art world. *Excuse me!?! ... I'm looking for the "Fountain of Youth"* includes video clips that could be modern GIF-emojis, like a hapless middle-aged man looking for his glasses, trying to untangle his earbuds. In a multipart operetta, we see Smith in a theatrical Florida, a walking metaphor in motion.

JERRY SALTZ

THEATER

7. See Teller in Penn & Teller on Broadway

Pay attention to the little guy.

Marquis Theatre, through August 16.

Penn Jillette's the one who does the big talk and the boffo tricks; Teller, despite not speaking, does the poetry. In both apparently simple and obviously complicated bits, he restores to magic tricks the quality of wonder that Penn's antihuckster harangues can sometimes make you forget.

JESSE GREEN

WATCH THIS NOW, PART I: SUMMER CATCH-UP

Margaret Lyons on the best undernoticed shows of the season.

UnReal
Mondays, 10 p.m., Lifetime
Shiri Appleby stars as a misanthropic producer on a *Bachelor*-esque reality show. Dark and cynical, and you'll need to start at the top.

Another Period
Tuesdays, 10:30 p.m., Comedy Central
Think *Downton Abbey* told in the style of a *Real Housewives* show. Funny and odd, with production values and loose-limbed fun reminiscent of *Drunk History*.

Mr. Robot
Wednesdays, 10 p.m., USA
Behold Elliot, a hacker and vigilante who seems to be the only person who can rail against major conspiracies. Surprisingly interesting where it could feel preachy or flabby.

Jonathan Strange & Mr. Norrell
Saturdays, 10 p.m., BBC America
It's the early 1800s, and England is in dire need of some magic. Too bad no magic exists anymore ... or does it? Cheeky and fun.

Halt and Catch Fire
Sundays, 10 p.m., AMC
Texas, the '80s, early computers. Far better than in its weak first season.

See more of Lyons's picks at Vulture.com.

DANCE

8. See Ballet Festival

Bringing it into the 21st century.

Joyce Theater, through August 16.

The entrepreneurial choreographic minds and troupes of the future—like Emery LeCrone and Amy Seiwert, plus the Ashley Bouder Project (led by the New York City Ballet principal)—get the spotlight at this mini-smorgasbord of contemporary ballet.

REBECCA MILZOFF

BOOKS

9. Read Speak

Louisa Hall's cross-century chorus.

Ecco.

The structure of Hall's second novel—six narratives scattered across four centuries—has already

PHOTOGRAPHS: PATRICK MCMULLAN (LOVETT); CHARLOTTE RUTHERFORD (LITTLE BOOTS); JOAN MARCUS (TELLER); ROSALIE O'CONNOR (BALLET); HOLLY ANDRES (TUNE-YARDS)

drawn obvious comparisons to *Cloud Atlas*. But Hall's voices are more earthbound than David Mitchell's; explorers of all kinds are overheard speaking into the void, ruminating on lost memories, missed connections, and the fatal flaws of men and their machines. B.K.

POP

10. Hear Highway 61 Revisited

Who gets to sing "Like a Rolling Stone"?

Damrosch Park, August 8.

Only an ambitious crew would dare take on Dylan's landmark going-electric album in its entirety; Sean and Sara Watkins, co-founders of bluegrass-folk revivalists Nickel Creek, and musical-storyteller friends like Aimee Mann, Shawn Colvin, and Fiona Apple are up to the task.

TV

11. & 12. Watch Save My Life: Boston Trauma and Boston EMS

At the front lines.

ABC, Saturdays at 9 p.m. and 10 p.m.

Terence Wrong is one of the unsung heroes of American documentary cinema. Over the last decade-plus, he's worked almost exclusively for ABC, cranking out subdued and intelligent nonfiction about Boston-area public servants, mainly doctors, nurses, medical students, and EMS workers. This summer he's got two new shows, both worth watching for their detail and compassion: *Boston Trauma*, a six-part series set in the emergency and operating rooms of three hospitals, and *Boston EMS*, about ambulance workers. M.Z.S.

THEATER

13. See Grey Gardens

Won't you, darling?

Bay Street Theater, Sag Harbor, August 4 through 30.

A musical about the eccentric-bordering-on-crazy Beales seemed like a sure misfire when it was announced in 2006. But Doug Wright figured out how to fracture the story to make it theatrical, and Scott Frankel and Michael Korie gave it one of the best scores of the new century. Still, the Broadway transfer lasted only nine months, so a trip to the Hamptons (where the tale takes place, and where Betty Buckley and Rachel York will star) seems, as Little Edie might say, *de rigoor*. J.G.

MOVIES

14. See A Hard Day

A bloody good indulgence.

In theaters.

When was the last time you saw a thriller with real narrative and visual wit? There's one in theaters now from South Korea: Kim Seong-hun's twisty, riotous bloodbath *A Hard Day*, which covers approximately 24 tumultuous hours in the life of a police detective (the marvelous Lee Sun-kyun) who attempts to dispose of a body he hit while driving from his mother's funeral. What begins as a black farce becomes a cat-and-mouse game of escalating insanity. D.E.

POP

15. See Lyle Lovett

Just don't touch his hat.

Damrosch Park, August 9.

As willowy as his voice, Lovett has never looked like much, but once he starts singing, he easily holds the stage, a big-band maestro and Texan poet in one; he'll perform with his rollicking Large Band.

THEATER

16. See Preludes

Art isn't easy.

Claire Tow Theater, through August 2.

Dave Malloy's follow-up to *Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812* is ostensibly about the depression and writer's block Rachmaninoff experienced after his first symphony flopped (and the hypnotherapist who helped him get over it). But it's really a vivid examination of the torturous process of creation, anchored by Gabriel Ebert's shivering, manic portrayal of the composer and pianist Or Matias's impassioned playing.

ART

17. See Simon Denny

Ironic ideas.

Moma PS1, through September 7.

Simon Denny's huge installation *The Innovator's Dilemma* is like walking into the most overcrowd-

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EVENT

FreshDirect and the Start of Summer

freshdirect

On Saturday, June 13, FreshDirect and *New York* partnered with The Montauk Beach House to celebrate the release of *New York*'s Summer issue and inaugurate the hotel's "Summer Set Saturdays" party. FreshDirect sponsored the tasty food selections, including the refreshing watermelon salad, and saw to it that every reveler was relaxed by offering complimentary drinks at the bar.

▸ freshdirect.com

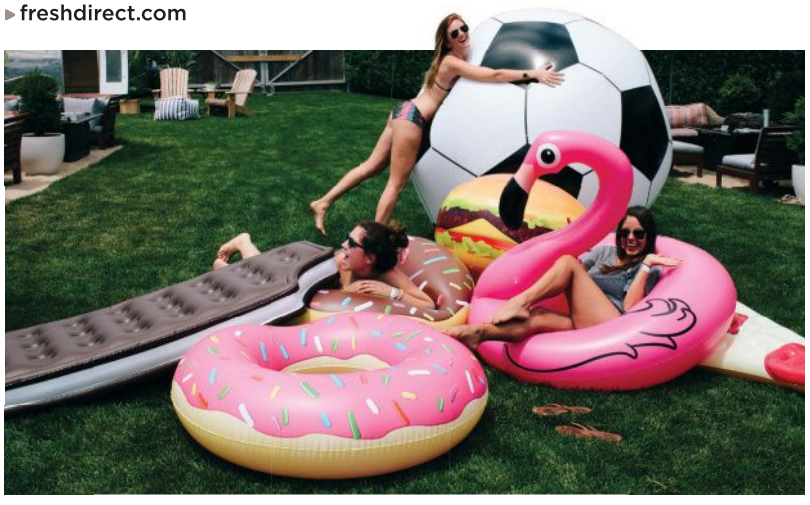

Photo by Atisha Paulson

EVENT

Tourneau at Bryant Park

TOURNEAU

On June 17, *New York* collaborated with Tourneau to host a reception for 200 guests to celebrate the opening of the new Tourneau store at 3 Bryant Park. With mixologists and notable DJ Hannah Bronfman on-hand to ensure the guests were entertained, the event was a big success and made a lasting impression on the brand's new neighborhood.

▸ tourneau.com

ed trade show, job fair, and high-tech gadget display. This canny 32-year-old New Zealander twists our TED-talk minds, letting us know that all we're really doing is reveling in the weeds, telling each other what other people have told one another, but trying to do it in a more snazzy way. J.S.

POP

18. Listen to Little Boots

Dancing queen.

On Repeat/Dim Mak.

If Chromeo and Kylie Minogue had a love child raised on *Confessions on a Dance Floor*, she would become Victoria Hesketh, a.k.a. Little Boots. Specifically, she'd be Little Boots's new album, *Working Girl*; those first two influences are the foundation for "Get Things Done," a bass-heavy disco blessing with an ultrapunchy hook.

WATCH THIS NOW, PART II: 'RECTIFY'

Matt Zoller Seitz on the Sundance series coming into its own.

Rectify is such a quiet, patient series that it takes a while to realize how radical its storytelling is. Creator and head writer Ray McKinnon spent two seasons examining the life of Daniel Holden (Aden Young), a convicted rapist and killer suddenly sprung from prison on a technicality, an approach that took advantage of TV's capacity to pull apart time. Most radical of all, not once did the series tell us that Daniel did or did not commit the crimes of which he was accused. But despite this wide spectrum of belief or doubt, the show didn't seem to have an opinion on the matter, or else it refused to drop hints or toy with the "did he/didn't he." The first few episodes of season three proceed logically from the end of season two, and they suggest a series taking stock of itself, realizing that "We have no opinion on Daniel's guilt or innocence" is a fascinating position but not one that can sustain a show indefinitely. *Rectify* raises the issue of Daniel's guilt/innocence directly, and repeatedly, only to complicate it in all sorts of ways. The show is always looking beyond either/or, yes/no.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

19. Hear A Little Night Music

Neither "Eine Kleine" nor Sondheim.

Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, July 29.

One of the most delightful elements of the Mostly Mozart Festival is the postconcert after-party called "A Little Night Music," where the soloists pop upstairs for an hour-long recital for a small audience seated at café tables. Pianist Emanuel Ax appears at the opening-night gala, then joins two younger colleagues, Orion Weiss and Anna Polonsky, who trade off in four-handed piano music by Schumann and Brahms. J.D.

BOOKS

20. Read Joe Pepitone's Joe, You Coulda Made Us Proud

More than a Seinfeld *punch line.*

Sports Publishing.

Yes, yes, the hair. But the first-baseman and outfielder was an integral part of the team's Mickey Mantle era, and his memoir, rereleased 40 years on, is a portrait of a complex man who endured

ILLUSTRATION BY MURPHY LIPPINCOTT

an abusive father, destructive vanity, and a predilection for the sexual fringes.

MOVIES

21. See Richard Lester

From the '60s and beyond.

Film Society of Lincoln Center, August 7 through 13.

We don't hear much anymore about Richard Lester, whose fractured directorial syntax defined the puckish side of counterculture cinema—beginning with his exhilarating Beatles docu-comedy *A Hard Day's Night*. So you should run to this retrospective and jump at the chance to see *The Bed Sitting Room*, *The Four Musketeers*, the bomb-on-a-ship thriller *Juggernaut*, as well as the U.S. theatrical premiere of 1989's *The Return of the Musketeers*—after which Lester abandoned filmmaking upon the death of beloved actor Roy Kinnear. D.E.

ART

22. See Laurie Simmons

Signature, strange surreality.

Jewish Museum, through August 16.

Simmons brings her expansive uncanniness of being and implacable sense of eerie, irradiating color to a series of large-scale photographs, each picturing a giant face with eyes painted on closed lids. We're in the presence of real puppets and unreal blind people, creatures who are seen but cannot see. J.S.

POP

23. See Tune-Yards and Shabazz Palaces

Wonderful weirdos, together.

Prospect Park Bandshell, August 8.

Two bona fide experimental artists share the open air: Merrill Garbus, whose whirl of DIY recordings complement her massive voice, and the alternative-rap group that syncs space-age melodies with Ishmael Butler's silky vocals.

BOOKS/THEATER

24. Read The Book of Broadway

Remember me to Herald Square.

Voyageur Press, August 1.

The latest entry in the Great White Way Coffee Table Book genre offers itself not as a collection of the best works or the biggest hits but the 150 "definitive" plays and musicals of the past 150 years. So Eric Grode gives us *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* (1901) instead of, say, *Caroline, or Change* (2004), and lets the (beautifully illustrated and explained) chips fall where they may. J.G.

MOVIES

25. See Mr. Holmes

Beyond elementary.

In theaters.

Ian McKellen gives one of his greatest performances as an elderly Sherlock Holmes, reminiscing about the final case of his career while fighting his decaying mind and body. Bill Condon's elegant film is less a mystery and more a sad meditation on human memory, historical memory, and the impenetrable nature of grief. BILGE EBIRI

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE

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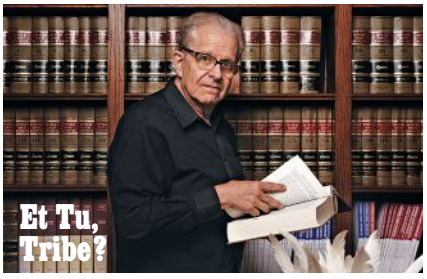

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shortly after his father's sudden death, he saw a shooting star, which he took to be his father's spirit, and he began to associate the apparition with the Constitution's "affirmation of rights unwritten and unseen." In March, when Tribe testified against the EPA plan at a House subcommittee hearing, he staked out his position in romantic terms. "A lot of my friends tell me, 'Look, don't be an idealist, don't be utopian,'" he said. "'Congress isn't going to do anything, so why are you so hot about the EPA violating the law and the Constitution?' Well, it is just, I guess, the way I was brought up. I think the law and the Constitution matter."

The Republicans on the subcommittee fawned over the esteemed Professor Tribe. Environmental advocates suggest that he really has no case, that the coal industry is trying to stall, spreading doubt that might cast a pall over an important round of international climate negotiations this fall. Over the horizon looms the possibility of a Republican president. "The constitutional arguments that Tribe is making are not serious arguments," says Richard Revesz, a New York University professor who sparred with Tribe at the hearing, pointing out that the EPA has been regulating air quality for 45 years. "They are weak arguments, and they are not being made to win this case. They're basically being made to mislead the public and weaken the president." C. Boyden Gray, who helped to draw up the 1990 Clean Air Act amendments as counsel to the first President Bush, and now represents many energy-industry clients as an attorney in private practice, told me in June, after the initial case was dismissed, that there were many legal arguments to be made against the EPA carbon regulations—but he wasn't convinced by Tribe's. "You look at Revesz," he says, "and you say, 'My God, that is pretty persuasive." (On behalf of a client, however, Gray has since filed a federal appeals court brief endorsing Tribe's position.)

Why would someone as acclaimed and intelligent as Tribe advance a case that even some serious Republicans have treated skeptically? One possibility is that he is doing it for the money alone, but those who have worked with him say that's not how he operates. "Larry doesn't take cases out of a sense that they are fashionable," says Kathleen Sullivan, a former student who collaborated with him on the *Bowers* case as a Harvard professor and went on to become dean of Stanford's law school. "He takes them because he profoundly believes in the essence of the argument." Some critics suggest that Tribe's problems emanate from this stubborn insistence on sincerity. Why could he not just admit what seems obvious to them: that, after all, he is just a lawyer? "They would like that, because they think that would reduce the academic patina," Tribe says. "But it would also be false."

Another potential explanation was set forth by Tim Wu, who was willing to accept that Tribe genuinely held his opinions but articulated "the suspicion that Tribe might well hold different, if equally sincere, beliefs had he not been loyally representing so many corporate defendants for so long." The problem, Wu suggested, was not that Tribe didn't believe his arguments but that he really did. From Tribe's perspective, this accusation is the most infuriating—he can't refute the claim that his own mind is captured.

There's also the possibility that Tribe simply understands the Constitution better than his adversaries. In the end, he only has to win over one audience, and he thinks the Supreme Court is ready to listen to his opinion. Roberts, who has called bureaucracy "the headless fourth branch of government," seems eager to mount an offensive against the regulatory state. Though Roberts voted against the plaintiffs in *King* v. *Burwell*, his opinion included a sharp rejection of the *Chevron* deference principle—a seed of reasoning that could eventually blossom into anti-regulatory doctrine. "There are strategic justices who play four-dimensional chess," Tribe says. "Roberts is clearly like that."

Though Tribe calls Roberts "canny," he has been sharply critical of his Court's conservative direction on many issues. He says that some of the chief justice's colleagues complain about his style. ("They all loved Rehnquist, and they don't all love Roberts.") He sometimes jokes that, in contrast to other students, Roberts seems not to have absorbed all of his class material. So it is a bit ironic that Tribe is now pinning his hopes for vindication on the Court's right wing. But life, like the Constitution, is always evolving in interesting new directions, and Tribe thinks that the wind of the Court's opinion is at his back.

In June, after the Obamacare decision, I forwarded Tribe the link to an article in the publication Greenwire that raised the possibility that the same reasoning that benefited Obama on health care might serve to foil his climate policy. He replied: 👍👌✌😃 ■

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

problem is not Rebecca Francis, nor the Texan who, in May, paid the Namibian Ministry of the Environment and Tourism $350,000 for the right to hunt an endangered species of rhinoceros. The problem is the estimated 30 bands of poachers who invade Kruger National Park every single day, men who descend in helicopters, tranquilize rhinos, hack off their horns, and leave them to die. As a conservationist, the enemy of your enemy is your friend, and in this case the enemy of your enemy is the man who profits by legally breeding lions, rhinos, and leopards on his private property, who furthers the bloodline for a price, who can afford the fences and, increasingly, the armed guards needed to keep out poachers. If you spend your days worrying about the future of African elephants, as Semcer does, you will likely consider the possibility of a ban on trophy hunting to be nothing short of "catastrophic."

The fenced land on which Francis is hunting belongs to George Henry, a former building contractor who has turned his property into a breeding ground where nyala, antelope, and Cape buffalo are raised to be sold to South Africans with other tracts of land, where they will be hunted. Nothing procreates in this farm—and that's the word Henry uses, *farm*—without his planning it. The concept of hunting-opportunity-as-commodity is so entrenched in South Africa that at an elementary-school fund-raiser we would later attend with Faul, the woman who decorated the prettiest table was awarded with an impala, by which was not meant that she would keep it as a pet. And while there is a happy concordance of conservation and capitalist aims, game farmers are not do-gooder environmentalists. The same market that preserves so much habitat and protects so many species has birthed a craze for mutants—black impalas, for instance—which pushes breeders to provide ever more freakish prey, which, according to at least one guide I spoke to, results in weaker animals that do fine in the fenced properties of South African concessions but would struggle in the wild.

THE SABLE ANTELOPE is a stout creature, more horse than deer, with a white face and long, ringed horns that shoot up and curve gently backward, like ossified antennae. The one Henry will permit Francis to kill is 8 or 9 years old (in the wild, they live to about 16) and has fathered perhaps 15 young. The sable has lived his entire life on this farm; he was born and raised to be killed. Henry wants a better, younger specimen to take his place among the females.

Faul jumps out of the car to call someone to open the gate. Last night, Francis showed Faul the video she found so upsetting. He jumps back in the car singing: "She's a beauty-pageant killer!"

"It's just ... that someone would go through so much trouble," says Francis, an edge of frustration in her voice, "to write the lyrics and everything."

"I'm going to make it my ringtone," says Faul.

Francis stares out the window. "It *does* have a good beat," she says.

We tuck back into our blind. It's cold to be still, 40 degrees, and we're in hats and gloves and scarves. Francis, very slowly, moves toward the hole and throws some powder into the air. It whorls and disappears. She shakes her head. If he has smelled us, he'll stay away, and we're wasting our time. Francis is eager to get out and chase after the sable herself, even though Faul and Henry seem to think that's entirely pointless, especially with a bow.

Around 5 p.m., after eight hours of waiting, George Henry picks us up. Henry says there is another sable, a 10-year-old, also available to hunt, because Henry doesn't consider him high-quality enough to breed. He drives us to that sable's favorite spot. From the jeep, we see a long, sleek horn and a flash of white above the grass. The jeep stops; the sable runs. Francis and Faul hop out into the waist-high grass. Faul and Henry suggest that they build a blind in the trees and shoot the animal when he approaches the fence. "That's unethical," says Francis, who heads in the opposite direction.

The ground is a mess of crunchy grass and twigs that snap when stepped on. Francis, walking on the front of her feet, moves deliberately. As the tall grass leads to dry trees, she presses through by plucking thin, bendy branches from her jacket with extreme delicacy, then turning to guide them back into place. Every ten steps or so, she stops to listen. When Francis stalks something, she prefers to be alone, because she is more light-footed than the men usually accompanying her. Nevertheless, Faul is right behind her with a rifle, lest she wound the animal or tempt a buffalo. He steps on a twig: crack. He and Francis freeze. They continue on. Eighty yards from the road, they find some freshly churned red dirt where the sable had bedded down, along with some droppings. Francis turns to her right. In the corner of her eye, she sees what she calls "a shine"—a small, subtle glimmer in the distance, like light on a mirror. It is the very tip of the sable's horn, reflecting in the sun, and through binoculars she makes out the rest of his body as a darkness behind the grass. She watches him look left, right, looking for them. When he moves, they move, so that his sound masks theirs. He is doing just what they do—walking, stopping, listening. Francis's heart is pounding.

They walk a bit further and hunch down. A branch cracks in the far distance; he is gone.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when she was a shy, lonely 16-year-old sophomore in high school, a pack of six girls attacked Francis in a restaurant parking lot. Her mother remembers her coming home "bloody, black and blue, swollen around the teeth." She thought her daughter had been in a car accident. Francis was so frightened that she stopped attending school and eventually enrolled elsewhere, waiting for the girls to graduate so she could return.

"When the Ricky Gervais thing went down," Francis says, "I thought, *I have had to deal with this my entire life. Now it's the entire world.* Those girls in high school, they didn't even try to get to know me. And the people emailing—they don't know what kind of mother I am. They don't know anything about me."

The morning after the aforementioned school fund-raiser, in which highly inebriated parents were throwing back tiny bottles of sherry, one of Faul's friends offers to make us vodka–and–orange juice to take the edge off. Francis, who is new to drinking, thinks she is joking. "Hair of the what?" she says. Faul reminds her that the night previous she had said a swear word (she has asked me not to repeat it here). Her eyes get wide.

"I am so sorry," she says.

"I think I'm going to need therapy," says Faul.

I ask Francis, one more time, why we can't just look at the sable. Wasn't it enough to be among those screaming elks? Why was it necessary to launch an arrow into the bull that sent chills down her spine?

There is a long pause in which it feels like she is politely trying to find a language I can understand, though I've demonstrated myself to be pretty dense about the whole thing. "It's like," she says, "you look at dogs. You have these cute lapdogs, and they're sweet and tender. But then you have dogs that are natural hunters. That's just who they are. It doesn't make them a bad dog. They're still dogs. And some people are made different. It's not because I want to go murder something and take something's spirit. It's, I'm gonna provide meat for my family. I'm gonna have an experience in nature. I'm gonna be one-on-one with this animal."

On the long flight home, I look again at the picture. I have by this time seen pictures of Francis scraping the meat from a moose in which most of her body is literally inside the moose. She is a survivalist chasing violent communion with nature, almost unimaginably tolerant of physical pain. The giraffe in the photograph is an animal that exists to be killed by people like Francis, wild but not quite wildlife, live but not quite livestock, his entire life scripted from conception onward to provide hunters with the idea of wilderness in a place where wilderness has been made impossible.

Francis was supposed to fly home the same day I did, but she stayed behind, and days later she sends me a video. It is late in the afternoon. The sable—our sable—stares into the camera. He lowers his head, black but for a white streak down the middle, as if weighed down by his massive arcing horns, twin *C*'s curving three feet down his back. The sound of an arrow piercing flesh is a dull *thwack,* and with it he jolts back toward the trees, leaving in his place a swirling cloud of dust. Francis and Faul wait for him to die. They follow a trail of blood and fur and the hoofprints of a wounded animal, not evenly spaced but the aimless steps of something thrown terribly off course.

Later, Faul and Francis return in the dark in the jeep along with three guides from the lodge. The sable is on his side, legs splayed, head on the ground, with the arrow jutting out of his shoulder. His mouth is a smear of blood, and the fur on his left has gone stiff and sticky from the leaking wound. Without hesitation, two men take the sable's legs and two the horns. They drag him toward the car, into the circle the headlights make in the dirt. Francis tries to yank out the arrow, but the broad head is so buried in muscle she needs Faul. The guides swipe handfuls of fallen leaves against the sable's teeth. They shove his legs underneath his body and, grabbing his horns, point his nose into the dirt so his head stands erect. Francis kneels against the sable and, without intending to, presses her knee into his wound. As blood seeps up her pant leg, she tilts her head to the left, lifts her chin, and smiles. ■

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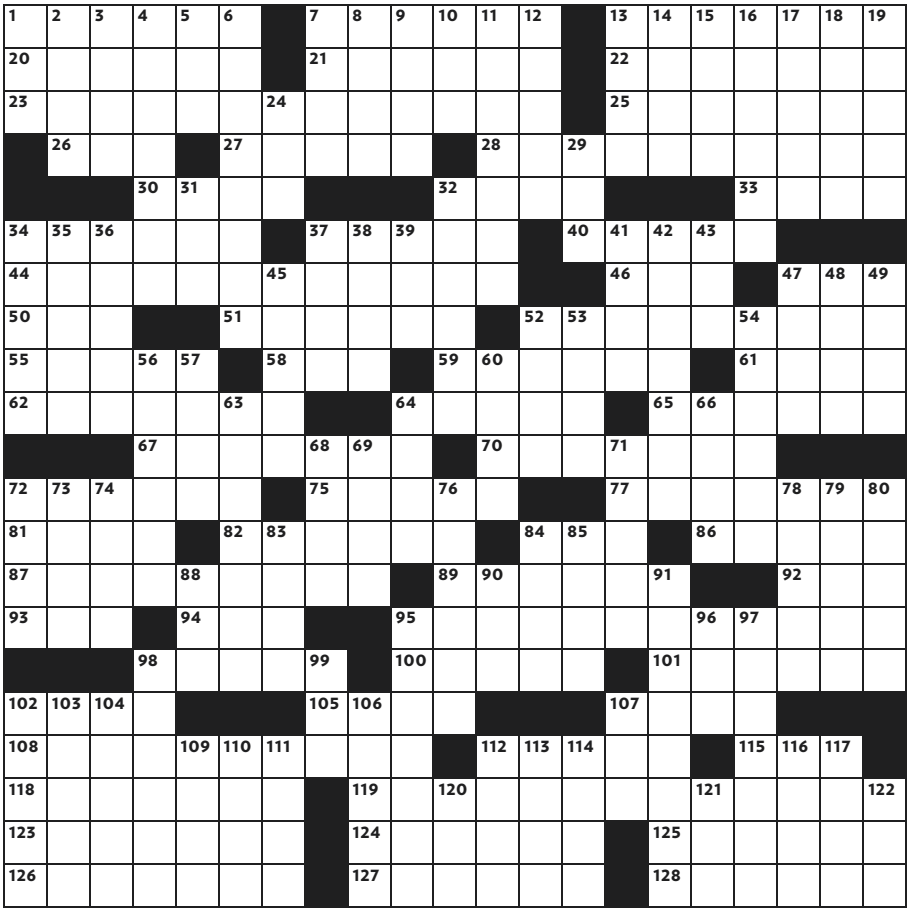
Wherever You Go

New York *Crossword by Cathy Allis*



Across

1 Like some backed-up data
7 Chimps' kin in 20-Across
13 Sun-blocking event
20 Island east of Sumatra
21 Deal-killing phrase
22 Font first called Messenger
23 Meaning of SMH, in texting
25 Jersey city near Jersey City
26 Responses to pain
27 The things here
28 Church keys, at times
30 Spelling in acting
32 Knotty wood
33 Formerly, formerly
34 German chancellor Merkel
37 Princess-costume item
40 Traction aid
44 With 108-Across, Attica, Sing Sing, etc.
46 Bruins legend Bobby
47 Sound at a shearing
50 Suffix with Benedict
51 Hit the hay
52 Windfall, so to speak
55 Considers (to be)
58 Meadow
59 Rap-sheet listings
61 Large cross
62 Actress Meryl and siblings
64 Honking birds
65 Ill-fated flier of myth
67 "Father of the Blues"
70 Family of Dutch-French painters
72 Rum-based highball
75 Emanations of mystique
77 Time-saving kind of shopping
81 Infamous Ugandan
82 Exchanges
84 Penn Plaza arena
86 Vikings' language
87 Thermal winter wear
89 Either of two Equator parallels
92 Quick-wink link
93 Brunch fish
94 Fair-hiring abbr.
95 Group advising Britain's monarch
98 How stocks may be sold
100 Reduces to bits, as potatoes
101 Quartz varieties
102 Frenzied way to run
105 Engendered
107 German industrial valley
108 See 44-Across
112 Characteristic
115 Cheerleader's shout
118 Tufted ___ (small songbirds)
119 HBO hit series, or another title for this puzzle
123 Makes possible
124 List of meeting matters
125 Forth
126 Inserts new bullets
127 Eta, het, or aitch
128 Many Bob Marley fans

Down

1 Docs at deliveries
2 Bowery neighbor in NYC
3 Depict, in a way
4 Longtime LPGA player Juli
5 Twice tre
6 Shrink
7 Tab-grabber's words
8 Orbison and Rogers
9 ESPN's Arthur ___ Courage Award
10 "Forget it!", in Inverness
11 Like much of Antarctica
12 Coupe alternative
13 Sound comeback
14 Pen that has layers?
15 Job for a grease monkey
16 Pressed
17 Tightwad
18 Clairvoyants
19 Surrealist painter Max
24 Three on a phone's 4
29 Angler's entangler
31 Cry at the World Cup
32 Strut like a steed
34 Low-pH substances
35 Trio of trios
36 Feminist Germaine
37 Lose energy
38 Inner Hebrides isle
39 "Wheel of Fortune" buy
41 Mechanical learning style
42 Gradual wearing away
43 "Woof!"
45 Oklahoma city
47 Churlish sort
48 Baseball's Moisés or Jesús
49 Chimes in
52 Galileo's birthplace
53 Prophetic sign
54 Ella, first woman elected governor
56 Making kitten sounds
57 Sunnis, say
60 Amps (up)
63 Occasion for PR pics
64 "Did ___ and gimble in the wabe" ("Jabberwocky")
66 Director Ethan or Joel
68 Tandoor-baked flatbread
69 Bombs that bomb
71 System of reasoning
72 Shopping Shangri-la
73 Melville's "Typee" sequel
74 Bad-luck bringer
76 Pippi Longstocking creator Lindgren
78 Land parcel
79 Davis who wed Ruby Dee
80 Resounding rings
83 Perlman of "Cheers"
84 Stir emotionally
85 1974 CIA film-spoof
88 Airbus, e.g.
90 Rock singer Ocasek
91 Writing collaborator
95 Foreshadow
96 "Gross!"
97 Shrinks, in a sense
98 With hands on hips
99 Stat in MLB's Triple Crown
102 Après
103 Its state quarter has a lighthouse
104 In base 8
106 Kingly or queenly
107 Slowing, in music: abbr.
109 Oscar winner Kedrova
110 Bumped off
111 Mrs. Dick Tracy, née Trueheart
112 Mobile home?
113 Got a lift
114 Miles away
116 Med-sch. class
117 Zeus's wife
120 Fulfilled
121 Genetic-info carrier
122 Campus grp. of the '60s

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The solution to last week's puzzle appears on page 95.

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THE APPROVAL MATRIX

Our deliberately oversimplified guide to who falls where on our taste hierarchies.

HIGHBROW

DESPICABLE

BRILLIANT

LOWBROW

Jeb Bush's straight-faced repeated insistence that he is an **insurgent** outsider.

Adam Sandler insists his *The Ridiculous Six* is a "**pro-Indian**" movie (despite the fact that Native American actors he'd hired for it walked out).

The distracting **selfie-palooza** at David Zwirner's De Wain Valentine show.

Selma director's canny reason why she didn't do the new Marvel *Black Panther* movie: "It really wasn't going to be an **Ava DuVernay** film."

Ai Weiwei gets his **passport back.**

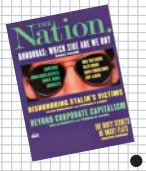
We kind of agree with President Obama's executive order **remanding** Jon Stewart to TV, at least through this election.

Hollywood's continued sexism (Emma Thompson: "I think that for women, the question of how they are supposed to look is **worse** than it was even when I was young").

RIP, 149-year-old Church of the Redeemer in Boerum Hill, **damned** by real-estate prices ...

... Meanwhile, a short walk away, Cobble Hill's **hoarder** lit paradise Community Bookstore to close.

Hackers showed that they could cut a Jeep's engine and brakes remotely.



NYU libraries **nab archives** of both lefty *The Nation* and artsy *Triple Canopy*.

The plan to **carve Outkast** into Georgia's Stone Mountain to accompany the Confederates already memorialized.

The moving Indian film *Court*, about **gender and bureaucracy**.

Psychics are being hired by S.F. start-ups. Finally, my **Ouija**-board app will get funded!

The return of the **underage** runway model.

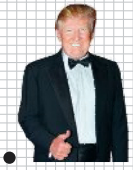
Rand Paul "**Bunyan**"'s wood-chipper-and-chain-saw YouTube stunt video about the tax code ...

... Meanwhile, Hillary denounces "**hair-and-makeup** tax."

Supermarché's short film on Will Shortz's plan to play **table tennis every day** for a year (it supposedly activates the parts of the brain that crosswords don't).

De Blasio cracks down on **anonymous** condo owners avoiding paying NYC taxes.

GAWKER



Donald Trump gives out Lindsey Graham's **cell-phone number**.

Around 32: the best age, on average, to get married and stay married. (Yeah, we **missed** it too.)

Gawker **eats itself** ...

... And founder Nick Denton says he wants a "**gentler** Gawker."

A New Zealander who doesn't speak French won the Francophone Scrabble World Championship after reportedly **memorizing** the French Scrabble dictionary.

Bill Simmons takes refuge with HBO. Let's hope he gets a **guest slot** on *Ballers*.

That circa-1962 star-shaped diner on 11th Avenue is getting **torn down**.

Baby-mama catfight on *Love & Hip Hop Atlanta*. Yung Joc must be one **thoughtful** lover.

Gypsy Sport's **Strawberry Shortcake** chic.

Feisty Little Rock rapper **Kari Faux**'s on-point "Nada."

Coach's **cozy**, furry slides.

NBC might **reboot** (resandal?) *Xena: Warrior Princess*!

There has been an unsually high rate of Florida armadillos infecting humans with **leprosy** this year. So no armadillo-cuddling.

Someone is renting a van parked by the river in LIC on Airbnb for **$55 a night.** (Including cleaning fee.) BYO dead hooker.

Sony plans to make an animated movie about **emoji**, hopefully without dialogue.

Digitally young, *Wall Street*–era Michael Douglas in *Ant-Man*.

The **zombie surfers** on the video for Air's Nicolas Godin's "Widerstehe Doch Der Sünde."

Damn it, New Jersey Transit.

Don't forget to claim your **old bras** from the rafters once Hogs & Heifers closes next month.

All McDay McDonald's McBreakfast!

The many varieties of Parm's **ice-cream cakes**.

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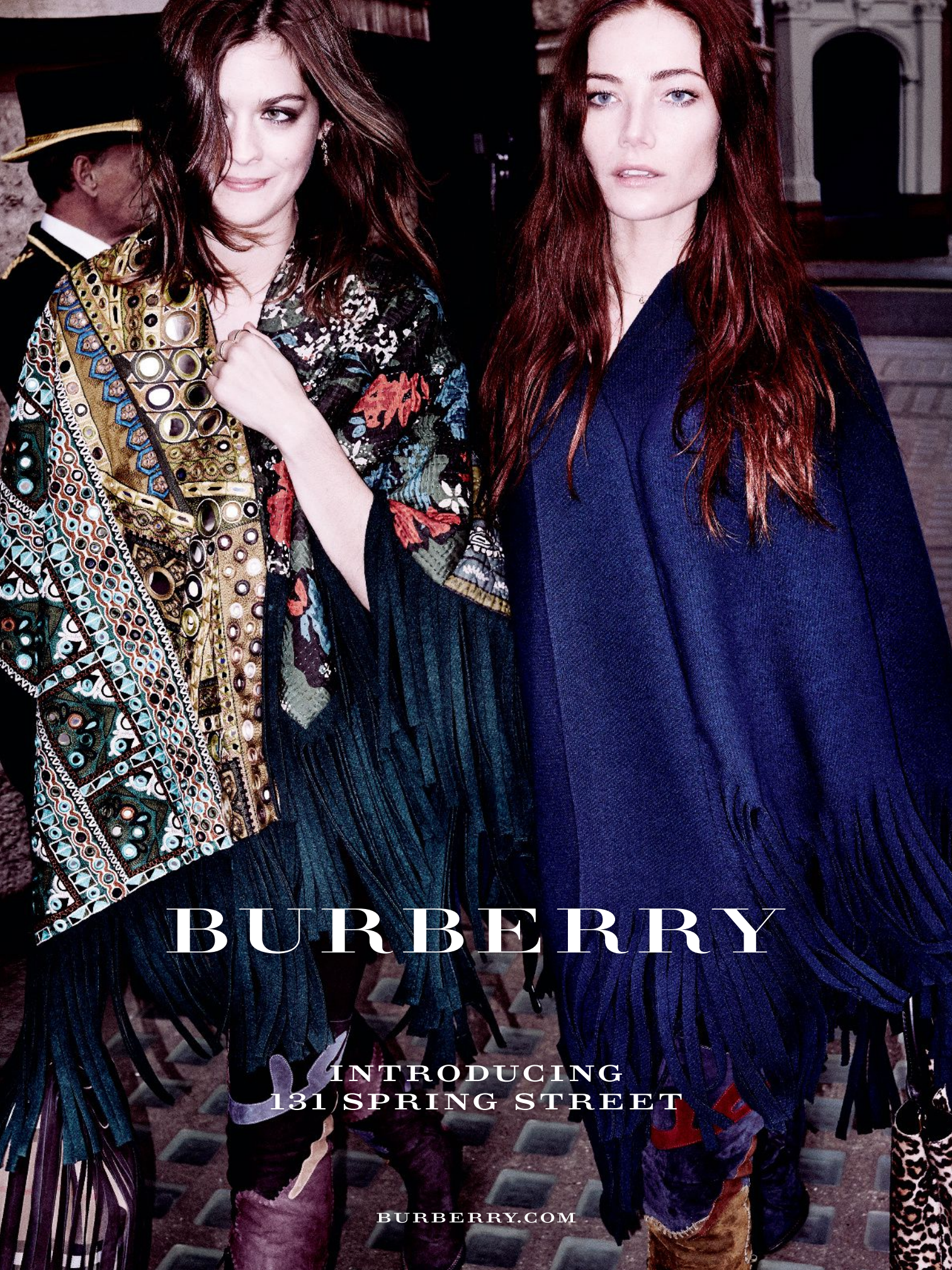
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